FIFTEEN CENTS

New MASSES

Inside Fascist Italy
MARGARETA WEST

An Interview with Ickes
MARGUERITE YOUNG

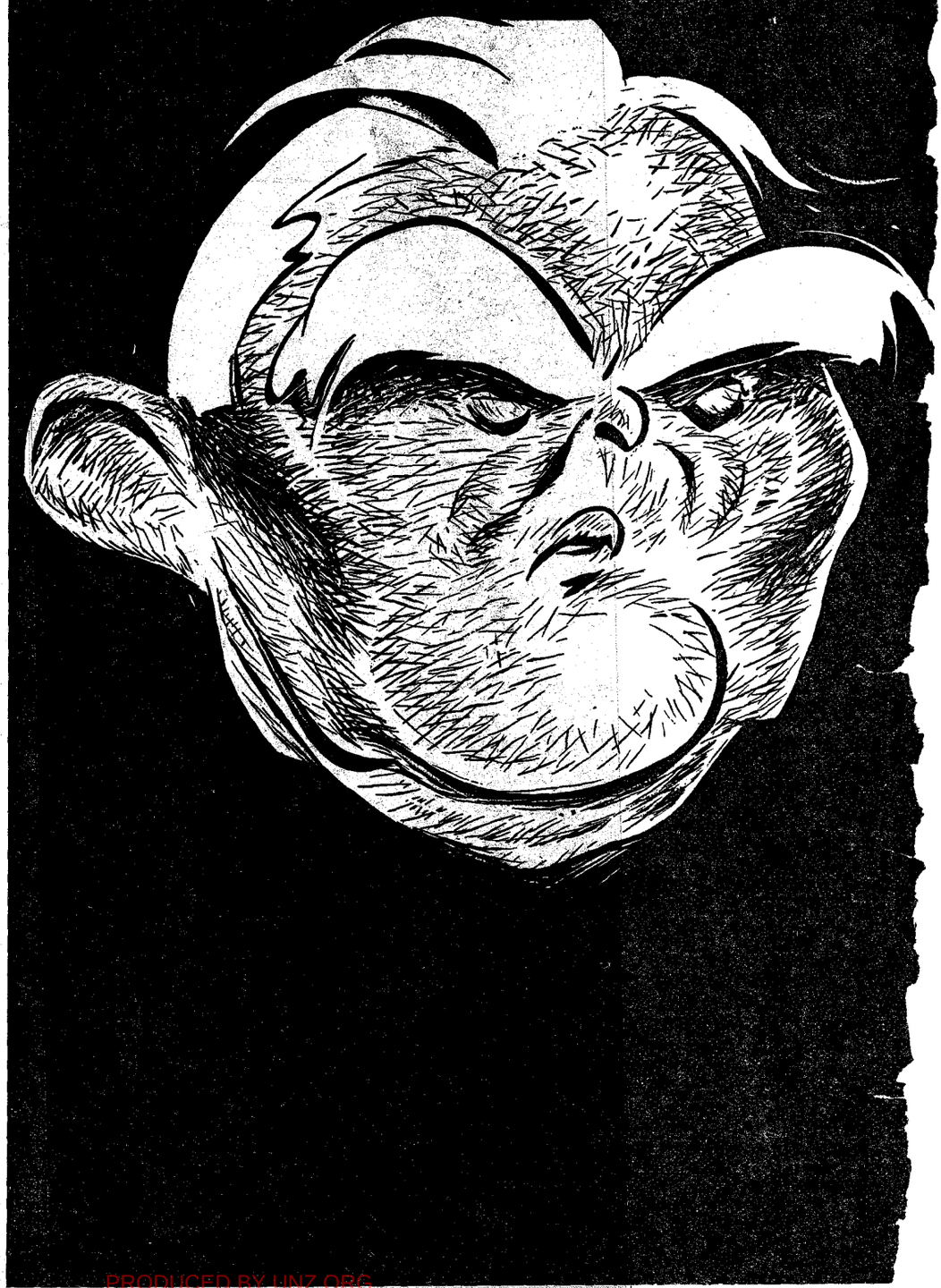
Garner in a Ford V-8
OSRO MIST

Her Chosen Theme
BLANCHE EVAN

Chamberlain, Adamic, Hicks
OBED BROOKS

Albert Maltz's 'The Way Things Are'
Reviewed by
SAMUEL SILLEN

Cartoons by Gropper, Redfield, Reinhardt, Snow, Kruckman



ON THE COVER
John Nance Garner
TURN TO PAGE 15

JULY 26, 1938

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Between Ourselves

R. PALME DUTT's next article is a comprehensive review of the present situation in Ireland. "Events in this extreme corner of Europe are not usually treated as a vital part of the international situation—although the experience of the last war showed clearly enough the strategic importance of Ireland in relation to Britain, an importance which is greater, not less today," Dutt writes. "But the treaty signed between De Valera and Chamberlain is more than a local agreement. It is in reality a strategic agreement in relation to international war prospects." The article will appear next week.

The second half of Margareta West's article on fascist Italy is also scheduled for next week. C. Day Lewis' next piece is called "Educated Man's Daughter" and deals with Virginia Woolf.

We are preparing a series of profiles on the leading personalities in the coming elections, taking in such figures as Governor Murphy of Michigan, Governor Davey of Ohio, the outstanding contenders in Kentucky and Pennsylvania, Minnesota and Wisconsin. These articles will begin in an early issue and continue through the summer.

An error in type-setting in the concluding article, in last week's issue, of A. B. Magil's series on the New Deal completely changed the meaning of an important sentence. The sentence, as printed, read:

"Nothing, however, so well demonstrates that New Deal policy is primarily determined not by the relative strength of the reactionary and progressive forces as the administration's failure thus far to lift the embargo and revise the Neutrality Act in harmony with the Chicago speech."

It should have read:

"Nothing, however, so well demonstrates that New Deal policy is primarily determined not by the personal wishes of the President (though they, too, play a role), but by the relative strength of the reactionary and progressive forces as the administration's failure thus far to lift the embargo and revise the Neutrality Act in harmony with the Chicago speech."

Mother Bloor's seventy-sixth birthday will be celebrated by a party in New York's Pleasant Bay Park on July 31. The party is being billed as "The Woiking Goil's Day," and there will be a bathing-beauty contest judged by Del, Dixon, and Will Geer.

Another event for your calendar is Corliss Lamont's first public report since his recent return from the USSR. Under the auspices of the American Friends of the Soviet Union, the meeting will consist of Mr. Lamont's address, "The Soviet Union Revisited—1938," and a question-and-answer period. It will take place on Wednesday evening, July 27, at 8 p.m., in the Hotel Center, 108 West 43rd St., New York City.

Unemployed writers are again organizing for jobs. This is news, because there has been no effective center of organization for them since the dissolution of the American Writers Union nearly a year ago.

The Writers Union, founded in January 1935, played a considerable role in the establishment of the Federal Writers Project on WPA. The writers affiliated themselves with established societies such as the Authors League, Newspaper Guild, etc., and by dint of some delegations to Washington and much picketing of local government offices, eventually, in the fall of 1935, succeeded in having a project set up for writers. Over a hundred members of the union found jobs.

Beginning with a quota of about three hundred, the Writers Project was expanded [illegible]50 in a year's time under the constant pressure of the union's unemployed section. The union died an honorable death in the fall of 1936, superseded as the bargaining agency on WPA by the Workers Alliance.

No more jobs are open to writers now than have been since the beginning of the depression. It is axiomatic that prosperity takes two years to reach the white-collar workers; and with the new recession, hundreds of writers are worse off than ever.

The Writers Organizing Committee is at present a small group within the Workers Alliance aiming to bring together all writers in need of jobs on a program of organizational pressure on WPA. Although its total membership numbered only thirty-five, it placed more than half in May, the first month of its existence.

All writers in need of jobs are urged to join with the Writers Organizing Committee, Unemployed White Collar Division, Workers Alliance, 781 Broadway, New York City.

In a letter to A. B. Magil our die-hard isolationist friend, Shaemas O'Sheel, expresses himself as follows about Magil's articles on the New Deal:

"I wish to tell you how enlightening your articles on the New Deal have been. I do it at this point, while I am still wholly edified by the first and second articles, lest the third might depress me, if perchance it should deal with the present administration's foreign policy. I mean, maybe in the third article you'll get around to "collective security," and then I'll lose the impulse which I now cheerfully follow, to thank you for an interpretation of events since 1933 which really makes many things clear which hitherto were dark."

THIS WEEK

VOL. XXVIII, NO. 5

July 26, 1938

Inside Fascist Italy *by Margareta West* 4
3,000,000 Families 6
Cardozo's Record *by Leonard Boudin* 7
Editorial Comment 9
Ickes on Self-Defense *by Marguerite Young* 13
For the People 15
Garner in a Ford V-8 *by Osro Mist* 15
The Pioneer *by John M. Breen* 17
Her Chosen Theme *by Blanche Evan* 17
Thanks—with Thunder *by Howard Nutt* 18
My Big Brother Goes Back *by Prudencio de Pereda* . . . 20
Helium for Hitler 20
Readers' Forum 21

REVIEW AND COMMENT

Chamberlain, Adamic, and Hicks *by Obed Brooks* . . . 22
Dramatic Realism *by Samuel Sillen* 24
Negro Participation in the Civil War *by Herbert Aptheker* . 25
Scientific Determinist *by Roy Powell* 26
Falling Star *by Paul O'Donaha* 27
The Third Reich *by Barthold Fles* 29
Brief Reviews *by Donald James and Hy Kravif* 29
Movies *by James Dugan* 30

Art work by Sam Berman (cover), Snow, A. Ajay, Ad Reinhardt, William Gropper, A. Redfield, David, Herb Kruckman, Aaron Sopher, Mischa Richter, Soriano, Arthur Getz.

Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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Who's Who

MARGARETA WEST is a correspondent for *World News and Views*, the new title of International Press Correspondence. . . . Leonard Boudin is a New York labor lawyer. . . . Blanche Evan is a dancer who has written for several publications, including *Theatre Arts Monthly, New Theatre, Dance, The American Dancer, Dance Observer*, and others. She is at present working on a book called *The Dance Objectified*. . . . Prudencio de Pereda is one of the editors of an anthology to be issued this fall by the Critics Group. . . . Obed Brooks contributes frequently to this and other left-wing periodicals. . . . Roy Powell teaches biology in a large Eastern university. . . . Herbert Aptheker has contributed to *Science & Society* and other periodicals.

Flashbacks

RAILROAD workers now facing a wage cut will note that one of the most militant railroad strikes in history reached a climax July 21, 1877. Refusing to allow the big lines to use the then current depression as a pretext for cutting wages, the railroad workers struck—and might have won their strike but for the use of great official violence against them. Militia in Pittsburgh having proved unreliable, i.e., pro-strike, federal troops were called in, shooting and killing twenty-six strikers forthwith. Fighting gun fire with real fire, the workers saw to it that the shops to which the troopers had fled were soon in flames. Before morning on July 22, $5,000,000 worth of Pennsylvania Railroad property had been destroyed, including useless cars burned by company agents who planned to collect indemnity from the state. That same week in 1877 there was a general strike in Chicago, and in San Francisco the unemployed were *demonstrating militantly*, but with the mistaken idea that the Chinese were at the root of all their difficulties. . . . . French fascists look with regret on one of this week's anniversaries. The People's Front pact was signed July 27, 1934.

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20,000 NEW READERS

THERE ARE ten million middle-class Americans to whom the message of the democratic front must be carried—immediately and effectively.

There is one magazine above all others which is able to bring that message to hundreds of thousands of those people—immediately and effectively. It alone has the necessary background and following.

That magazine is NEW MASSES.

Among the middle classes, there is already a great and growing awareness that democracy is a fighting ground today. Old rallying cries are no longer taken for granted. No longer is there easy confidence in the future. Depression and fascist frightfulness have brought an uneasiness and a loosening of traditional allegiances.

Demagogues are poised to turn this situation to their own advantage. Phil La Follette's newly-announced party, with its obvious dual personality and tricky vagueness, is a sign of the times. Another sign—the frequency with which the enemies of the New Deal and the foes of labor disregard party labels in favor of a reactionary front.

Practically every line of reactionary propaganda in America is intended to make a particular appeal to the middle classes. Of course, the tories spare no effort to muddle and mislead the laborer. But it is a fact that they consider the middle class as their special reservation.

Democracy needs to organize its own front. Those democratic rights which we have must be held; those we need must be gained. The maintenance and extension of democracy is the great cause of today.

The middle classes must enroll under this democratic front because it is in their interest to do so. The big chain stores throttle the small neighborhood stores. The banks withhold credit from the small producer except on alarming rates of interest. Unemployment takes its frightful toll from the salaried professionals. The horrors of war and the degradation of fascism will hit them equally with the laborer.

That is why the middle classes need the democratic front. That is why the democratic front needs NEW MASSES, which week in, week out, makes every progressive cause its own, turns the spotlight on the enemy and supplies a program for progressives.

The coming election campaign is a crucial test of strength between progress and reaction. The issues have to be understood, the candidates evaluated, the future charted. That is the work of NEW MASSES, every week.

It is important, then, that the circulation of NEW MASSES be increased among the middle-class groups for whom it is intended. The immediate goal is twenty thousand new subscribers.

To secure these twenty thousand new subscribers, NEW MASSES has launched an *I Like America* drive, offering a copy of Granville Hicks' newly-published book of that title free with each yearly subscription. The book is specifically addressed to the ten million members of the middle class to whom we have referred. It has won enthusiastic response all over America.

This is an ideal combination piece for NEW MASSES.

We call on every reader, friend, and aware member of the middle class and other groups to support NEW MASSES in this drive for twenty thousand new subscribers.

First, become a regular subscriber yourself, if you are not already. Second, bring the magazine to the immediate attention of your friends and acquaintances and secure their subscriptions.

The Editors

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INSIDE FASCIST ITALY

The Small Man in the Small Town

MARGARETA WEST

UP AND up climbed "il postale," the little postal motor coach which runs three times a week, leaving the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele of R, the capital of the province, at three o'clock in the afternoons, wending its way to the remote mountain townlet of N., a place still unknown to tourists. Up and up, and always in curves. We soon left behind the stretch of plain surrounding the town. The lemon trees disappeared, the fields of wheat and beans; the vegetation gradually became more Northern, the air cooler. Now came oaks and pines, soon replaced by birches and soft cushions of heather not yet in bloom. The vineyards accompanied us up to a great height, but they became smaller and narrower, and the soil was held in place on the steep slopes only by wattles of thin tree branches. The road up which we had come now lay far below, a sheer drop, dizzying to look down upon. Above us, apparently near enough to be touched, stood the snow-clad mountains.

Conversation went on in the coach. Scraps of talk could be heard above the hum of the motor and the constant changing of gears. The chief subject was the drought and the cold. For thirty years the snow had not remained so far down the valley at this time of the year. Not for thirty years had the spring foliage been so late in coming.

Another sound sometimes penetrated through the roar and the clatter: that of suppressed groans. These came from a young woman sitting behind me, wrapped in a dark shawl. She held a dirty rag, stained with pus, to her eyes with both hands. A robust young peasant, her husband, sat beside her. Awkwardly, a little embarrassed, he supported her at the worst curves. When we stopped at a well he fetched water. When the coach was standing still, flies settled on the woman's disfigured face.

I asked: "Is there no doctor near here? You must find a doctor at once." The young man replied: "We are just coming from the doctor's, *from* the clinic in R. But we had no chance of seeing him. We left home this morning at half past four. At eight o'clock we were in the town. But there was already a queue of over one hundred people in front of the clinic, and they had been waiting for hours. The "postale" starts back at three o'clock. We could not wait any longer. But the sister promised that she will let us in on *Monday for certain.*"

Monday—and this was only Thursday! "Why didn't you stay there till Monday?" I asked reproachfully. "Don't you see that it is a very serious matter?"

"The baby will die if we do that," he answered quietly. "For today we left it with its grandmother. Perhaps we should have done better if we had brought it with us, but it is only five weeks old, and we did not know *if it could stand the long journey.* It is bad enough that it is getting nothing from its mother the whole day. It is to be hoped that grandmother has given it some bread steeped in wine, so that it is asleep at least."

It was easy to see that the woman had a newly born child. Her blouse was soaked with milk above the tightly laced bodice of her peasant costume.

"*Traveling back and forward* like that costs a lot of money," commented a fellow passenger.

"Yes," said the young man, "I have had to sell a goat already. God knows how I am going to manage it on Monday. And we wanted the money for something else. Almost nineteen lire for the fares alone. That is a lot of money nowadays. Ready money is scarce since the war."

"That is true—and it is hard to understand." The passengers all nodded in agreement. "Expenses are all mounting higher and higher, and less and less is coming in. The money must go somewhere."

"Even the bosses complain they haven't enough to live on properly, and can't pay any more wages," threw in the driver.

"I had *to pay* 3,200 lire for an ox a fortnight ago," complained another peasant. "Before the war I could easily have bought a better one for half the money, 850 to nine hundred lire."

"Before the war" and "After the war"—meaning the Ethiopian war—has become a common phrase, a standard for judging all the conditions of daily life.

Nobody who has not visited Italy of late can form any idea of the greatness of this difference between "before" and "after."

"And then the taxes!" the complaints went on. "They were saying in the town that another new tax is to be put on our land."

"The fascists need money. The reception of the German dictator cost millions," added the young peasant.

Millions?—I could have told him that 340 millions had been spent on petrol alone. But I had to keep quiet.

"And don't the fascists need the money to carry on war?" threw in another. They spoke invariably of the "fascists," never of the "government." "And what good does it do us? In twenty years perhaps, if we have luck. . . ."

I should have liked to supply them with a few figures on this subject too: the Abyssinian adventure *is still costing one and a half milliard lire per month. And the intervention in Spain is costing at least a milliard monthly.*

"I hear that two men from R. have fallen in Spain. Antonio's two sons. The announcement of their death was pasted up on the houses in the Piazza this morning," said an old woman.

"Anyway, it is better that the parents know it at once," was the comment. "Better tha it was at first, when they did not get to kno *it for months, and did not even know tha* their son had been sent to Spain."

"Better that they know about it." That h been my opinion too, when early that mornin I had read—and photographed—the announc ment of the sudden death of Antonio's sor pasted up according to old custom in a doz places in the town. The notice was heade "Fallen on the field of honor," and continued, "as heroes *in the struggle for civilization.*" "At the battle of Tortosa" was stated quite openly. I had already read similar notices in Rome and Naples. The first newspaper I bought on Italian soil, the *Giornale d'Italia,* contained two full columns of the names and birthplaces of Italian soldiers who had fallen in Spain.

The journey continued uphill, then a few hundred meters downhill. We passed wells, where women were drawing water in earthenware pitchers of classic shape. Slight half-grown girls, pregnant women, old women, carry these pitchers on their heads for miles.

Twilight began. Far below us it was already evening. The mountain peaks flamed red and yellow. Ragged, barefooted little boys drove flocks of sheep and goats down to the town.

The next curve passed, and our destination lay before our eyes. The little town of N., standing out sharply from the rest of the landscape, as if cut out of the rock. Everything was in darkness, no lamps or lighted windows, for light is dear. Gray and gloomy, the houses stood with their backs to the rock. The monotonous highway, the only road passable for vehicles, led to the Piazza, the center of the town, surrounded by the church, the inn, the pharmacy, and the police station—the Questura.

The town has 6,112 inhabitants. I had learned this and other details from the Province authorities in R. the day before. Three pages of my notebook were filled with official figures and data (I took care to make no note of unofficial observations). Of the 6,112 *inhabitants, two are physicians, one is a pharmaceutical chemist, three are prostitutes, two are innkeepers, nine are teachers (six women and three men).* There is no veterinary surgeon. But there is a very large proportion of official personages, that is, of fascists hold-

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ing jobs in the post office, the police station, the finance office, the State buying centers, the labor exchange, etc. Besides this there are a few priests, a large number of handicraftsmen, carpenters, saddlers, masons, etc. There are 598 children of school age. And finally the great mass of the peasants and laborers who live in the town, far from their place of work.

And then of course, there is "il conte"—the Count—who, however, has not shown his face in the town for the last fourteen years. His villa lies far outside the town. It stands empty, in charge of a "custode," a caretaker. The Count's bailiffs and tenant farmers live in the town, and go to work with the agricultural workers in the mornings.

The "podere," the Count's estate, does not appear to be very extensive or fertile. But it is not his only source of income. The revenue from this land in N. would not suffice to pay for the lavish scale upon which the Count and his family live in the city. This was at least the opinion expressed by the innkeeper in the Piazza, where all the gossip of the town is heard.

The inn serves at the same time as a general store, where everything can be bought. Salami sausage dry as leather, shoes, gay rayon ties for the young people, cheap perfumes, and brightly colored picture postcards. At one time the innkeeper was postmaster as well.

But then the "others" came. The "others" are the fascists, the people from the party, the Dopolavoro, the Balilla—all those who do the "voluntary" work, but certainly cannot live solely on air and sunshine. Thus one of the "others" was made postmaster.

"Times were much better when I was postmaster," sighed the innkeeper, "more people came to the place, and I could earn more."

"But you are a fascist yourself," I remarked, pointing to the badge in his buttonhole. A badge which has been dubbed in the language of the people the "bug," as I heard later. "Oh yes, we are all fascists," said he, and grinned.

I was astonished at the frankness with which many people spoke to a perfect stranger on prohibited questions. I was astonished, although I had observed this frankness since the first few hours of my stay in the country. When there is no third person there to hear, they say what they think.

The first visit I paid in the little town was to the teacher and his wife, whose address had been given me by the school management in R., the capital of the province. I sought a guide among the dozen little boys sitting round the fountain in the Piazza. One, apparently about eight years of age, came with me, a little fellow with intelligent but sorrowful eyes. Like thousands of other little Italians, he was called Giovanni. And like thousands, hundreds of thousands, of others, he was much older than one would guess from his thin little body. He was not eight, but thirteen years of age.

The upward road was steep. Half-naked children and dirty women looked out at us from holes and cellars. Chickens and starving cats ran between our feet. I asked questions. The boy answered distrustfully at first in monosyllables, but soon gaining confidence. But the whole time he never smiled. He remained as grave as an adult, almost like an old man.

What was his father's trade? A mason; but out of work for eight months. Doesn't he get any benefit? The child looked at me in surprise. Benefit? A mason? What a strange question. And what was he doing himself? He used to mind sheep. Now he is big and is working for a carpenter; he will be fourteen in the autumn! And he is earning already! Four lire a week! Besides the food he gets at the carpenter's. What food do they give him? For supper the carpenter's wife makes a soup of beans, potatoes, or stale bread. Is there meat in it? What is the lady thinking about . . . meat is only for the rich people. In the mornings he takes a piece of bread with him from home—if there is any bread! This should really serve for dinner, but —he smiled in an embarrassed way—he was always so hungry, and generally he had eaten it all up before he reached the workshop. Was he going to school? Oh, no, he had no time for that. He was the only one in the family with regular earnings! No, it is a pity, but he cannot read, much less write. It is true that many, many years ago, when he was little, he went to school during one winter, or perhaps it was only a few months in autumn. The lady will understand: there were nine children at home. Three, four, of them have died, one little sister only a month ago. But mother will soon have another baby.

"But haven't all children got to go to school?" I asked. He considered before replying: "Perhaps all rich children must go to school, but not the poor ones, at least not here."

The teacher was not at home. He had not even been to the school that day, as he had had to go up the mountain to see to the vines. The tenant farmer had called for him early. Is the school always closed on Thursdays? Oh, no, only today on account of the vines. "He will be back by the afternoon."

The problem of Giovanni, the boy who did not go to school, left me no rest. In 1923 an investigation showed that of the eighty-three thousand class rooms required by the authorities, five thousand did not exist at all, and that thirty-two thousand of those in use were absolutely inadequate as regards space and hygiene. Forty-six thousand met the requirements to a certain extent. Between 1923 and 1937, eleven thousand new school rooms were provided, but not yet 30 percent of the number lacking. Indeed only 20 percent when the steadily increasing number of children of school age is taken into account. Thus about 80 percent of the school premises urgently demanded in 1923 are still lacking. According to the official statistics for 1931, 21 percent of the population of Italy are illiterate. In Sicily the percentage of illiterates is 40.

A few days later, after much inquiry discussion, I heard from this same teacl who on my first visit had been up in vineyards, that only 503 of the 598 child of school age in the townlet come to t school at all. Of these 503 only about tw thirds attend "more or less regularly." T rest only come "now and again." My frie Giovanni did not even belong to this l group. And many thousands of other littl Italians are in the same position.

I saw the schoolrooms of this little town where the 503 school children sit "now and again" to receive the learning which is to last them their lives. I will not describe in detai the dirt and damp, the broken window panes

Snow

"Italians Are Aryan, Rome Decides in New Doctrine"
—NEWS ITEM

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ing floors, evil smells, and shortage of ching facilities. For it is the nature of the truction itself that is worse than all this. iis education is joyless and mechanical. I d not come to this conclusion solely from e impressions received in five different asses in this little mountain town. The echanization and deadening of children's ds is carried on systematically, not only among the rough benches and on the mud loors of this village school, but just as nethodically in the beautifully equipped school buildings of the big cities, in Rome and Milan. The classes are overcrowded in town and ountry alike. I have seen classes of sixty children, and I have spoken to children who have not been asked one question in three weeks.

The instruction in the mother tongue seemed to me most degrading of all. It consists chiefly of the memorizing of chauvinistic poems and extracts. In addition bombastic laudations of the Duce and of imperialism. Mechanically the long incomprehensible words rush from the frightened lips. Even music instruction is completely subordinated to war ideology. It consists almost entirely of practicing patriotic songs in praise of fascism.

The subjects chosen for essays are all pervaded by the same sinister spirit. Even if the starting point is some familiar theme—a visit to the market or to church—the school demands the use of the stereotyped phrases on "blood," "honor," and "duty." Girls and boys are strictly separated from one another, and each guided into the path of their "destiny." In reply to the question: "What do you want to be when you are grown up?" the girls have to answer: "I want to be a good housewife, and to cook well, so that my children will become good soldiers. I want to have many sons, whom I will joyfully sacrifice to the Duce." And the boys: "I want to be a military aviator. I want to die for the honor of the fatherland." The children have no clear idea of what they are saying, although the words so drilled into them are shot out as from a pistol when the question is put. But they know nothing else. The school will teach them nothing better, and it will be suffering which will teach them.

When school was over, I distributed some brightly colored caramels among the children. A whole box full, which I had brought from Rome. It turned out, however, that not one of the children knew what caramels are for. One boy held his up against the sun with two fingers, to look through it.

Afterward, I sat at the window in my room. I saw the last golden glow on the snowclad peaks, the first star, the first pale gleam of light in the carpenter's window. I read the great black lettering on the white wall of the house: *"Credere—ubbidire—combattere."* "Faith—obedience—fight." I had already read these slogans of the Starace in many hundreds of places, written in the same beautiful lettering on the slopes of the Alps, on the white walls of Toscana, on the yellow-ochre of the walls of Rome.

I set myself the task of discovering what real power lies behind these catchwords, and to find out what forces lie behind the hatred and the irony which I encountered here in so many forms.

A. Ajay

"My husband's lost his mind. He telephoned his factory manager and told him to GIVE the strikers the WORKS!"

★

3,000,000 FAMILIES

MORE than three million families in the United States are forced to live with more than one person per room; more than one million families have more than one and one-half times as many persons in them as they have rooms in their houses; and seven hundred thousand families live in dwellings with at least twice as many persons as there are rooms.

These are the findings of *The National Health Survey, 1935-36,* conducted by the U. S. Public Health Service and covering eighty-three typical cities.

Other facts brought out in this survey are as follows:

For the eighty-three cities combined, sixteen out of every one hundred urban families have more than one person per room, and six out of every one hundred households have more than one and one-half times as many occupants as rooms.

Greatest degree of overcrowding is among the Negro population in the South: 37 percent of the Negro families studied live in houses with more than one person per room as compared with 20 percent of the Southern white families.

Low income groups, especially among the colored population (including Mexican, Japanese, and Chinese) live in houses which are inadequate often to such a degree as to be a menace to the health of the family and the community.

Living in houses with more than one person per room were one out of every fourteen families with annual incomes over $2,000; one out of six families with incomes of less than $1,000 per year; and one out of every three families on relief. One out of every ten families on relief had twice as many persons as there were rooms.

Of all the families surveyed, 13 percent reported either the absence of an inside "flush" toilet or that such facilities were used jointly with other families.

Commenting on the effect of income on adequate housing, the National Health Survey states: "It is evident . . . that a large proportion of the population of this country are not receiving incomes adequate to insure a suitable standard of living."—LABOR NOTES, *published by Labor Research Association, July 1938.*

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CARDOZO'S RECORD

The Late Supreme Court Justice as a Teacher of Liberalism

LEONARD BOUDIN

"We are to beware of the insularity of mind that perceives in every inroad upon habit a catastrophic revolution."
—Benjamin Nathan Cardozo.

MUCH has been said in praise of the lofty philosophy and poetry that make Cardozo's writings as beautiful at Santayana's and their function far greater. His work as a teacher of liberalism to judges was of more immediate social value. The attempt of the New York *Times* to cheer itself and delude its readers by claiming that "The easy lumping of judges into 'conservative' and 'liberal' can have had no lodging in his philosophic mind" is given the lie by his record. So too with the New York *Sun,* a newspaper of black reaction, which narrowed his great achievements into a sentence from the Schechter case, saying, with equal guile, "Yet Mr. Cardozo would make the conservatives rise and cheer and he did that often."

The truth is that after guiding the New York Court of Appeals to an intelligent liberalism, he reached a Supreme Court where it was necessary to begin all over again; the majority was not only ultra-conservative but more set in its ways than his erstwhile colleagues in New York. Thus it was that the man who had written but sixteen dissents in fifteen years, registered two dissents, writing an opinion in one, in his first three Supreme Court cases.

The voice of today's angry minority spoke for the Supreme Court of 1932. It was a frightened court shying away from all economic experimentation, such as Oklahoma's attempt to regulate its anarchistic ice industry; hesitant about granting the smallest civil liberty that smacked of "ism," thus refusing citizenship to a World War nurse with religious scruples against bearing arms. Cardozo immediately allied himself to the liberal core of Stone, Brandeis, and Hughes.

Cardozo objected to the Court's interference with government control of business. In *Liggett* v. *Lee* the Court invalidated a Florida chain-store tax because it was heavier per store on an owner of stores in different counties than on one whose stores were all in the same county. Cardozo, dissenting, said that once a chain-store system spread into another county its character was changed; a reason existed for taxing it differently. If the taxation is not unreasonable, the legislature may try it. Compare this philosophic tolerance with the pragmatism of Brandeis, who wrote a separate forty-page dissent justifying the taxation on economic grounds.

The liberals dissented from the Court's approval of anti-trust law evasion. They fought against judicial interference with utility rates fixed by state commissions; they opposed the widening range of corporate immunity to taxation. The well known case of *Jones* v. *the Securities Exchange Commission* gave Cardozo a vehicle for his views on modern business conduct, and its need for regulation.

Jones is one of our modern warrior-knights —an opponent of government for business reasons. He filed a registration statement with the SEC, as the law requires, covering the proposed sale of securities. The Commission doubted its truth and subpenaed him to appear with his books for examination. Instead, he "withdrew" his registration statement and claimed that this action ended the Commission's power over him. The Court agreed and went off on a verbal rampage against administrative agencies. But Cardozo said:

> There are dangers in untruths and half-truths when certificates masquerading as securities pass current in the market.

Nor did he spare his colleagues:

> To permit an offending registrant to stifle an inquiry by precipitate retreat on the eve of his exposure is to give immunity to guilt, to encourage falsehood and evasion, to invite the cunning and unscrupulous to gamble with detection.

And when he was in the majority he saw to it that the public took no chances. In 1920 Swift and other meat-packers had held off prosecution by consenting to an injunction against their wholesaling groceries. In 1932 they went back to the Court to ask that the injunction be vacated. Cardozo, reviewing their "evil eminence," was very practical in his answer:

> In 1929 . . . the sales made by Swift and Armour, each, amounted to over a billion dollars; those made by all the defendants together to over $2,500,000,000 and those made by their thirteen chief competitors to only $407,000,000. Size and past aggressions induced the fear in 1920 that the defendants if permitted to deal in groceries would drive their rivals to the wall. Size and past aggressions leave the fear unmoved today.

A problem given new birth in recent years has been, how far shall we extend democracy to business relations? When shall we let the will of the majority of interested parties determine the course for all? *Doty* v. *Love* dealt with a closed Mississippi bank. In accordance with statute, over three-fourths of the depositors submitted a plan for court approval. Under the plan the bank would reopen and the depositors would each take a small loss. But two depositors stood on their "constitutional" right to be paid everything or have the bank liquidated—with almost total loss to all. The Court, through Cardozo, silenced the selfish dissenters.

Economic and political liberalism are never far apart. One is tolerance for legislative judgment; the other for man. While Cardozo was on the New York Court of Appeals he dissented from the conviction of Ben Gitlow, left-wing Socialist charged with criminal anarchy. And when the conviction was affirmed by the United States Supreme Court, it was Holmes who dissented. Compare their reasons: Cardozo argued that a Socialist could not be convicted of anarchism since Socialists do believe in organized government, while Holmes rested upon the "absence of clear and present danger" of governmental destruction.

It was Cardozo who dissented from the Court's dismissal of Angelo Herndon's first appeal on the barest technicality: the failure to anticipate that the Georgia Supreme Court would set a new (and unconstitutional) standard of "incitement to insurrection." Said Cardozo: "The great securities of the Constitution are not to be lost in a web of procedural entanglements."

His assistance to civil liberty parallels Holmes'. In 1927 the Court, through Holmes, held illegal a Texas statute barring Negroes from voting in the Democratic primary. Then Texas tried to trick the law. It remembered that the Fourteenth Amendment restrains states, not persons. It wrote a new law giving every political party "the power to determine who shall be qualified to vote" in the primary. The state executive committee of the Democratic (and only) Party again banned Negroes. Cardozo cut through the technicalities. He declared the executive committee to be functioning as an organ of the state and the ban illegal.

The last few years have seen Cardozo at his creative height. He has helped two leading Courts span the gamut of conservatism to liberalism. In 1932 the Court would have invalidated the Wagner Act; declared the Social Security Act unconstitutional philanthropy; devitalized anti-injunction legislation. The Court has freed Herndon, struck out De Jonge's conviction, given new hope to Mooney. The Court's latest minimum-wage opinion goes back to Cardozo's earlier dissent. He once wrote that "some of the errors of courts have their origin in imperfect knowledge of the economic and social consequences of a decision, or of the economic and social needs to which a decision will respond." Knowing this, he became an economist, political scientist, and student of society. And many today, more ignorant, who praise his prose do so only to hide their sorrow at his liberalism.

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Ad Reinhardt

"I WANNA MARRY THE BUTCHER BOY!"

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Weekend to Weekend

WILL it come next weekend? That is the prevailing question in Europe about Hitler's next move against Czechoslovakia. Of course "next weekend" is used to mean "at almost any moment." But there are signs that even if Hitler delays, it will not be for very much longer.

In the first place, every time Hitler plans to strike in the East, he hurriedly fortifies his position in the West. On July 15, German military and civil authorities expropriated 2,500 acres of land in the Rhineland owned by French citizens. Members of the Labor Front were rushed into the region and work on fortifications was feverishly begun. The Germans timed this bit of business at a moment most inconvenient for the French, only a few days before the visit of the British king and queen, when the French government wants peace and harmony above everything.

Meanwhile, the official German news agency spread a report that the Czechs were mobilizing on the German frontier. This kind of obvious camouflage always coincides with a German mobilization. Prague hurried to deny that any Czech troop movements had been carried out, but that has not hindered the German press from continuing its maddening anti-Czech propaganda. As though one man were pulling all these strings, Japan appeared on the scene with provocative threats against the Soviets on the subject of a small island deeded to Russia by a Russo-Chinese treaty in 1869. Manchukuo suddenly decided to claim the island but the Japanese ambassador in Moscow presented the claim.

It is true in the most literal sense that European and world peace staggers on only from weekend to weekend. How long this can continue is problematical. The plain moral for us is that there is simply no time to wait to do those things which should have been done long ago. Every fascist advance in Spain brings Hitler closer to Prague. We must repudiate that policy of neutrality which makes possible those fascist advances in Spain! Every day of successful Chinese resistance holds Hitler further away from Prague. We must sell China the means of defending itself! Unless we do these things, we shall be partners in a crime greater than the World War.

Aryans by Axis

IT MUST have been a screwy notion, but somehow we had always associated Aryanism with Valhalla, Niebelungen, Valkyries, and tall, blond, blue-eyed Siegfrieds. And we had thought in our innocence that all this business of "race" was a matter of chromosomes and genes and blood and such things. We were in grievous error, it seems. Aryanism has nothing to do with all these. Aryanism is an inspiration—the effect of belonging to the Berlin-Rome axis. But it is an inspiration not without a scientific basis. Indeed, according to the latest researches of a group of anonymous, but assuredly great and scrupulous, scholars, the purest Aryans are short, dark, and black-eyed—they are Italians!

However, the Berlin-Rome axis, as we all know, extends to Tokyo. And rumor has it that in Tokyo, too, a group of scholars, as anonymous, great, and scrupulous as those in Rome, is now carrying on a scientific investigation which is about to establish that the purest Aryans are short, yellow-skinned, and almond-eyed—they are the dwellers of the Nipponese islands!

All this would be farcical, if it did not have ominous political implications. If Aryanism and its anti-Semitic corollaries are a good thing, Mussolini (who had at one time scoffed at the whole theory) is not going to permit Hitler to have a monopoly on them. And to prove he is in real earnest about it, he has already instigated a series of anti-Jewish decrees. If sufficiently enthused, he may even show that he can out-Hitler Hitler.

Moreover, imitation is a most convincing form of flattery; and it is not unlikely that by this time the relative positions of the two dictators in the axis are such that it is Mussolini who now has to kowtow before Hitler, especially since his courtship of Chamberlain does not seem to be panning out so well.

In all this surge of insanity, it is a relief to read Pope Pius XI on "racism" and "super-nationalism." The Pope rejects the entire theory as inimical to the very foundations of the Catholic Church, which by its very name stands for universality. The contradiction between the Catholic Church a the fascist state is coming closer and cl to the Vatican, and the Pontiff is natura aroused.

The Protocols Again

IT IS nothing new to brand Father Coughlin a bad Catholic. Most of his co-religionists resent his unvarying support of everything reactionary, his misuse of his position as a priest to give weight to political pronouncements as though his opinions had the sanction of the Church. His contempt for his church superiors, his clamor for violence against unions in which the majority of members are Catholics, his advocacy of fascism, which in Germany and elsewhere has persecuted the Catholics as it has all minority groups, stamp Coughlin as a demagogue who has made politics pay a handsome personal profit.

No more telling proof of Coughlin's anti-Catholicism has appeared than his latest defiance of the Pope and the Vatican. While the Roman Catholic Church vehemently condemns false racial theories and warns against the danger of anti-Semitism, Coughlin in his paper *Social Justice* writes a long signed article urging the study of the *Protocols of Zion*. This notorious forgery purports to be a record of a Jewish plot to rule the world. The Nazis have used the *Protocols,* and so have Pelley's Silver Shirts, and Edmundson, and all the crack-brained anti-Semites, and all the fascist organizations that attempt to utilize race hatred to destroy democracy. Their authenticity has been clearly and repeatedly disproved.

Yet Coughlin praises the *Protocols,* declares them true, and by making use of them, goes the other fascists one better. In his eagerness to attack the New Deal, the trade unions, and all progressive movements, Coughlin is willing to go to the length of linking up the vile *Protocols* with the national administration. He cites these forgeries as a "foreshadowing" of New Deal policies, and as "proof" that President Roosevelt would destroy the world, that all trade unions are dedicated to "accustoming the workers to anarchy and drunkenness," that the woes of the world are the product of a conspiracy by some mythical Jews who would upset the paradise planned for us by Ford, Girdler, Morgan, Weir, du Pont, Landon, Hoover — and others, including Father Coughlin.

By his direct defiance of Pope Pius XI, Coughlin violates the spirit and teachings of the Church. And to the same degree, his championing of race hatred and anti-Semitism challenges the very basis of American democracy.

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Critical Days in Spain

THE Spanish republican army of the Levante has just gone through a hard week. And the next one promises to be even more critical. Loss of the Mora de Rubielos salient placed Sagunto in immediate jeopardy, though Valencia cannot be endangered as long as Sagunto remains in loyalist hands. Mora de Rubielos fell, after two months of magnificent resistance, for the same reason that the insurgents broke through to the sea. Their concentration of materials at one spot was so overwhelmingly greater than anything the government could muster that human endurance, no matter how courageous, was not enough to hold the line. The insurgent concentration on this front was probably greater than anything encountered by the loyalists before.

If the republicans can stop the rebel advance anywhere before Valencia, the outlook may brighten with amazing rapidity. It is testimony to the increased efficiency of the government forces that the fascists have to put forth more costly efforts for every such offensive. It must be kept in mind that the loyalists defend any single position on this front only in order to obtain the greatest possible price for it. A position can be lost but if the rebels have to pay too heavily for it, their entire campaign may be ruined in the process. Whether this is likely to happen on the road to Valencia, the cables do not as yet permit an opinion. It is, however, the ultimate key factor.

Fascism's Internal Weakness

IN A WAY, Japan's cancelation of the Olympic Games and the precipitous drop on the Berlin stock market are intimately related. Both reveal the enormous internal weakness of the fascist powers. The secret police, the newspaper censors, the concentration camps, and the fake economic bookkeeping may hide the facts from the people, if not from the outside world. But they cannot do so indefinitely. In Japan and in Germany, the people now know.

The German stock-market collapse was much worse than official figures indicate, though these are serious enough. According to the *Wall Street Journal*, "Berlin newspapers blamed the drop on the Boerse on Czech military tension." The danger of war must have been very great to provoke so severe a reaction. German business circles are not entirely sold on Nazi adventurism, at least not without the most thorough preparation. Presumably they are not yet convinced that Germany is ready for a major trial of strength. Another reason ascribed for the fall is the publication of official foreign trade statistics for June showing that the Reich is suffering from a disastrously unfavorable balance of trade. Of the greatest importance is the fact that Germany's foreign trade after *Anschluss* is far less than before *Anschluss*. World condemnation of the Nazi pogrom on the Jews, Catholics, and progressives is at last taking economic effect.

Japan's cancelation of the Olympic Games, scheduled for Tokyo in 1940, is also mainly economic in character. Though it has received less publicity than the German, the Tokyo stock market has also suffered a sharp slump in the last few days. Japan's export trade has fallen off so badly that she now has to draw on her last line of gold reserves to obtain desperately needed raw materials, especially cotton and wool. The Japanese Ministry of Finance has already approved a proposal to ship abroad gold for the purchase of materials and the stock market could not take the news without breaking.

A Triumphal Procession

ANTI-New Deal sniping in the editorial pages cannot compete with the popular pro-New Deal thunder in the news columns. The correspondents' stories of Roosevelt's trip, grudging enough for the great part, nevertheless convey to the country at large what every community which the President visited knows as a first-hand experience, that the trip was a triumphal procession. A more sober tone has crept into the reactionary press' estimates of the election possibilities. The plain fact, many times before made manifest, emerges once again, dramatically and on a nationwide scale, that the people's sure instinct leads them to support measures and, therefore, men who at least attempt to meet the needs of the times in a progressive spirit. Roosevelt's popularity continues to be the outstanding political factor in the country, and that popularity is not based on a smile, but on a program which in its main outlines the masses of the people recognize as their program.

For a Health Program

THE ten-year national health program outlined at the President's Health Conference in Washington is a most important step toward correcting the serious medical situation in the country. The report of the Technical Committee on Medical Care estimates that one-third of the population is receiving inadequate or no medical service. An even larger fraction of the population, the committee finds, suffers from economic burdens created by illness. Preventive health services are "grossly inefficient." Hospital facilities are poor, especially in rural areas, and particularly for those who cannot pay the costs of the care they need. It is a grim commentary on our social system that while scientific progress has made possible the control of various diseases, there has been no proportionate reduction in needless suffering and unnecessary loss of life.

It is clear, as President Roosevelt declared in his message to the conference, that "there is need for a coordinated national program of action." Yet the proposal for a yearly expenditure of $850,000,000 by federal, state, and local governments has already encountered the resistance of the anti-New Deal press and the reactionary leadership of the American Medical Association. Dr. Irvin Abell, President of the AMA, regards the scheme as "impractical," less practical, indeed, than the suffering of untold millions. The New York *Times* fears "political dangers." These critics do not dare to oppose Roosevelt's assertion that "Nothing is more important to a nation than the health of its people." But in effect they place the health of the people last.

President Roosevelt's plea for "concerted action" in the field of national health has already met the enthusiastic approval of the CIO, the rank and file of the medical profession, the general public as tested in a recent Gallup poll. A realistic health program will be one of the basic planks in the platform of the democratic front this fall.

Martin Fears the Light

JOHN L. LEWIS, chairman of the CIO, has heard directly from 75 to 80 percent of the membership of the United Automobile Workers. "These men state," Lewis told the press, "that the members of the UAW are inclined to follow any course suggested by the CIO. They request that the CIO exercise its influence in any constructive way possible to restore harmony."

Subsequently, forty-seven leading locals of the UAW adopted resolutions calling for a three-point program: reinstatement of the union officers summarily suspended by Homer Martin, president of the UAW; intervention by the CIO if reinstatement is refused; and the calling of a special convention if necessary. This program has now been endorsed by approximately 90 percent of the union's membership.

The plea for CIO intervention is angrily denounced by Homer Martin. He has refused so far to accept Lewis' invitation to come to Washington to discuss his suspension of four international vice-presidents and the expulsion without proper trial of George Addes, secretary-treasurer. He has sent a delegation of local union officials—most of whose membership are on record as favoring the three-point resolution—to plead against Lewis entering the controversy.

Martin knows that his case cannot bear

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examination. In essence his actions have been motivated by a frantic attempt to retain power in the face of a growing resentment among the membership against his arbitrary, undemocratic, union-splitting program. He has turned to the Lovestoneites for support—any backing is better than none. He has jockeyed himself into an anti-CIO position. He is above all mortally afraid of CIO intervention since he realizes the outcome would be a death-blow to his prestige and would end his autocratic rule, which has as its goal the transformation of the UAW into Martin's personal property.

The Publishers' Conspiracy

THE high cost of newsprint—so the publishers have repeatedly announced—is one of those things that no publisher can control and that has forced newspapers to charge higher advertising and newsstand rates. It has also been the reason for low wages and other "economies"—such as the dismissal of American Newspaper Guild members. The publishers are always protesting against the price of newsprint. It is therefore surprising that the publishers resent the investigation by the Federal Trades Commission of the newsprint manufacturers' monopoly. In a special bulletin (a photostat of which appeared in that liveliest of union papers, the *Guild Reporter*) the American Newspaper Publishers Association warned its members to beware of the FCC's investigation. "The member to whom the inquiry was sent," the ANPA informed its associates, "has been advised that the matter of compliance therewith, either in whole or in part, is entirely optional with him."

The ANPA, however, did not warn *all* its members. With the smaller publishers, the monopoly investigation is popular. With the larger—well, it seems that such an investigation would reveal heavy financial interest of the big publishers in newsprint mills and also the secret rebates they receive on paper bills.

The ANPA circulated its bulletin secretly. In it the publishers were advised:

> Fishing expeditions may be resisted successfully, if the inquisitors are delayed until the rights of the parties are determined. Partial compliance with illegal requests may result, however, in opening the door and making it difficult to eject the intruders.

The big publishers, in other words, while careful to keep the bulletin very much under cover, nevertheless are anxious to block the investigation. Nor do they want the small publishers to know what is up. It would seem the wisest policy of the small publishers to join the American Newspaper Guild in its demand that the bulletin be explained, and disclosure be made of those responsible for it as well as the publishers' relations with the newsprint manufacturers: "The Department of Justice ought to probe this thoroughly for possible action under the anti-trust laws," suggests the editorial in the *Guild Reporter*. To which the small publishers can only emphatically agree.

The New Attacks on Labor

WITHIN the last few weeks, a major counter-attack has been launched against labor. The strategy has been to move on all fronts at once, to use every available weapon, but particularly to challenge union gains by terror and court action. The offensive has been reenforced by a deluge of propaganda. And the whole has been planned by the generals of reaction to win the support of the middle classes.

In the past, whenever labor organization advanced, the employers took to the courts. Injunctions, handed down by the hundreds, restrained picketing, strikes, boycotts, any organized action by workers that challenged complete domination by the employers. Only after years of struggle did progressives finally succeed in passing federal legislation against injunctions used to break strikes and smash unions. New York implemented this statute by a state law. But now Judge Salvatore Cotillo has disregarded both the federal and state laws by granting an injunction against pickets in the Busch Jewelry Stores case. Cotillo's action proved a signal to other judges. Injunctions were quickly granted against picketing the Eagle Pencil Co. and E. Popper, Inc., cigar manufacturers. Justice Aaron Steuer went one step further: by appointing a referee to collect $100,000 "damages" from union members on strike against the Busch Jewelry Co., he recalled the famous Danbury Hatters case of 1903. The claim—largely because of mass resentment—has for the moment been waived by the Busch company. But the Steuer decision could render unions helpless were it to stand.

The drive through the courts was advanced again when Vice-Chancellor Berry of New Jersey ruled that free speech "is a qualified constitutional right," inferior to the "inherent right of acquiring and possessing property." From this premise, diametrically opposed to former opinions of Supreme Court Justices Holmes and Hughes, the Vice-Chancellor went on to restrain furniture workers from distributing leaflets or picketing a store buying goods from an anti-union company.

When the courts do not sufficiently frustrate union activity, the employers turn to violence. In Weirton, after the National Steel Company's counsel was excluded from a board hearing because of his continued sabotage of the proceedings, the company union got busy, hanged the government's examiner in effigy, "marched" on the court. In New Orleans, the pattern of Hagueism is being utilized to prevent CIO organization by means of terror—beatings, kidnapings, mass arrests. In California, a strike of lumber workers against a wage cut of over 17 percent offered an excuse to vigilantes and company-union leaders to rage through Westwood. With the cooperation of the police they ran over 750 workers out of town, arrested many others, and threatened to lynch any man that dared picket or talk strike.

An attack on the liberty of one section of the people endangers the liberty of all. Middle-class people who cooperate with the vigilantes strengthen the very monopolies that chisel at their own standard of living, and that squeeze their businesses out of existence. The misled people who join in terrorizing workers and their organizations merely put a noose around their own throats and thereby save the monopolists the trouble of doing it for them. Those who tolerate the gross curtailment of fundamental civil rights in the courts, actually stand by while their protection from oppression is destroyed.

The need for unity is obvious. Middle-class support of the working class can force the courts to administer the law and keep them from legislating in the place of Congress and the state bodies. Middle-class support of the unions can abolish vigilanteism. Middle-class political cooperation with the working class for the election of progressive candidates can rid the courts of the Steuers and Cotillos who represent Tammany and not the people, can rid the industrial towns of sheriffs and police forces who feel responsible only to the companies.

The stake of the middle classes in the current anti-union offensive is a big one. It is more than a matter of humane resentment against oppression. The bread and butter of small business men, professionals, farmers, all the groups within the middle classes is at stake. The logic of the battle necessitates support of the workers so that the workers in turn can support the middle classes. The need of both groups for allies cannot be overstressed. Neither the workers nor the middle classes can fight the battle alone. And that is the reason for unity—ever stronger, ever wider.

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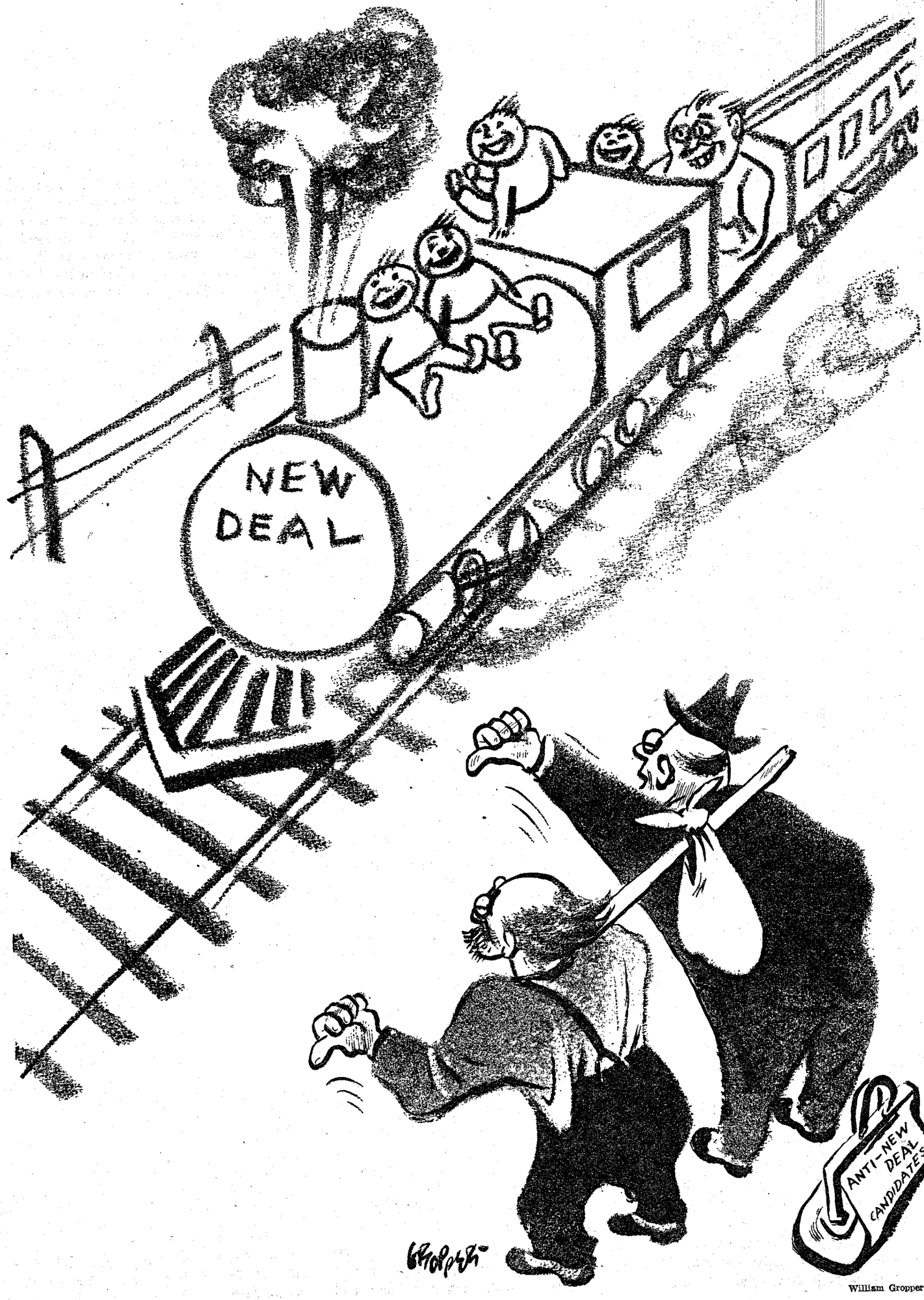

William Gropper

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ICKES ON SELF-DEFENSE

And the New Deal's Duty to Appeal to the People

MARGUERITE YOUNG

Washington.

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR Harold L. Ickes' office is big, high-ceilinged, rich. But Ickes, seated at a desk by the windows, works in his shirtsleeves. He has an amiable manner, and can maintain it even when jabbing with relish at a foe.

"The only effective counter to fascism is a well established, workable democracy," Ickes began. "If we are to prevent an alternative's being forced upon us, wittingly or unwittingly, we've got to make our democracy work."

What he means by "workable democracy," Ickes spread on the public record rather spectacularly last winter. He said the primary need is to enlarge the economic freedom of the average man, because that man is ridden by concentrated riches. Ickes at the time spoke of the long conflict between "the power of money and the power of the democratic instinct." He saw that it has reached a critical stage, thanks to the stand of "America's Sixty Families against America's 120,000,000 people." Looking further, he observed "a worldwide struggle on today between the forces of absolutism and those of democracy." And he pointed to the result of the former's triumph abroad—whole nations in nightshirts, applying an international Ku Klux Kode, and "under dictation, launching the barbarities of super-savage modern warfare on unoffending peoples."

From this viewpoint, Ickes considered the current political campaign. He asserted the New Deal's right, or rather as he said, its duty, to defend itself and, simultaneously, democracy. He declared the opposition's criticism of the administration's open campaign activity, itself ignores the democratic rights of every American, "in office or out." He drew a clean line between the opposition, composed of Old Deal Democrats as well as Republicans, and New Dealers allied with the American people. He reduced reactionary whimpering about Roosevelt activity in the Democratic primaries to one simple issue. There is but one, he said: whether the Democratic Party shall advance and remain the majority's instrument, or return to reaction and forfeit popular support. He seemed to welcome the deepening progressive-reactionary cleavage that both springs from and clarifies the basic conflict he spoke about last winter. For he awaited the issue with confidence. A confidence pillared in the progressive sentiment of voters who have shown themselves to be "pretty darn discriminating."

First I recalled Ickes' warning against the "ominous and bodeful phalanx" of nightshirt nations. Since he cited it, the phalanx has extended its handiwork in Austria, Czechoslovakia, China, and Spain; and since then Ickes has been abroad. What about it now?

He would not speak in detail—by doing that, he has got into hot water oftener than is known generally. For instance, he questioned the need of exporting oil, and within exactly fifteen minutes, Mussolini, then fueling his Ethiopian conquest with American oil, was protesting from Rome. But Ickes told me he took occasion to talk with prominent liberals abroad, particularly in England. And he reported that he returned feeling more urgently all he said before on the subject. His past utterances, sharpened against this background, are worth recalling. He declared the raids of the nightshirt nations hold "the greatest threat to civilization since the democratic principle became established." He added:

"We have observed totalitarian states combine, not only for protection but for aggression. We have discovered that fascism has not been quarantined, but that it is capable of leaping wide oceans." And also: "The time has come when even the strongest of democracies in the world must be prepared to resist inroads upon their liberties by totalitarian states."

Between full-blown fascism and the undemocratic devices of reaction, Ickes discerns both a distinction and a relationship. He told me, "We do not see the overt expression of fascism here in America, but we see the reactionaries resorting to increasingly undemocratic methods — dangerously undemocratic methods." I reminded him that the American people have slapped down everything they could identify as fascist, and hence America's pro-fascist gentry are driven to subtle techniques. They promote the industrial makings of fascism under democratic slogans, and their witting and unwitting allies in the Garner-Vandenberg coalition defy democratic political decisions with utter abandon.

"That is true," Ickes agreed. "Some people in Congress have raised totally false issues. They pretend to be progressive at election time, and then, safe in their seats, turn on the one man and the one set of policies that they in their pleas to be returned, pretended to support.

"Too many of them are in the Democratic Party. But we have a safeguard against them in the popular leadership of President Roosevelt and the continuing approval of the people."

Ickes turned to the sudden to-do the opposition is making about Roosevelt's "dictatorial ambitions," to cover their own *reneging* on the program of Roosevelt *and* the 27,000,000 Roosevelt voters.

"These people are like small boys calling names they think are good invectives," Ickes continued. His expression was of scorn, restrained but deep. "I think these people are intelligent enough to know that Roosevelt has not the will, even if he had the ability, to set up a dictatorship. They know the whole objective of the New Deal is to give the country at least a degree of workable democracy, to satisfy the social, political, and economic aspirations of the people. It is they who persist in ruthless exploitation of both the natural and the human resources of the country. They conceive the *ultimum bonum* to be a society in which a very small group of the very rich prevail, while the great mass of the people go along, not contented but hopeless."

Ickes took up the "politics in relief" challenge hurled whenever a recovery-administration New Dealer addresses the voters.

"There seems to be a theory that the administration may not defend itself," he said. "They may attack, but we may not defend. Thus they violate the fundamental rights guaranteed by the Constitution about which they profess such concern. Under the Constitution every American, in office or out, has certain rights of citizenship it is his privilege to exercise."

It was here that Ickes placed Roosevelt's Democratic primary activity on the basis not only of right but of responsibility.

"It seems to me," he said, "the administration has the plain duty to say to the people, 'You know what we have done. Do you wish to go back, or to go on?' President Roosevelt is the undisputed leader of the Democratic Party. He has the duty to point out to the people that if the objectives which they have approved are to be attained, the people have to give him the necessary support in Congress through representatives who will abide by campaign platforms. If President Roosevelt failed to work, to do everything possible to get candidates elected who will obey the people's expressed desires, he would be failing in a very important duty, and would not qualify as a leader."

The phone rang at Ickes' elbow. He turned to answer. It was, apparently, someone calling for personal assurance regarding one of the PWA projects Ickes is responsible for. Looking not too pleased but yet amused, Ickes quickly ascertained that the proposal had not gone through the regular processes for approval. He told his caller pleasantly but laconically he could do nothing about it. It was a sample of how closely Ickes watches his sector of the recovery front. To him the PWA is more than the biggest public-works scheme ever undertaken. It represents the first of the essentials he has specified under his

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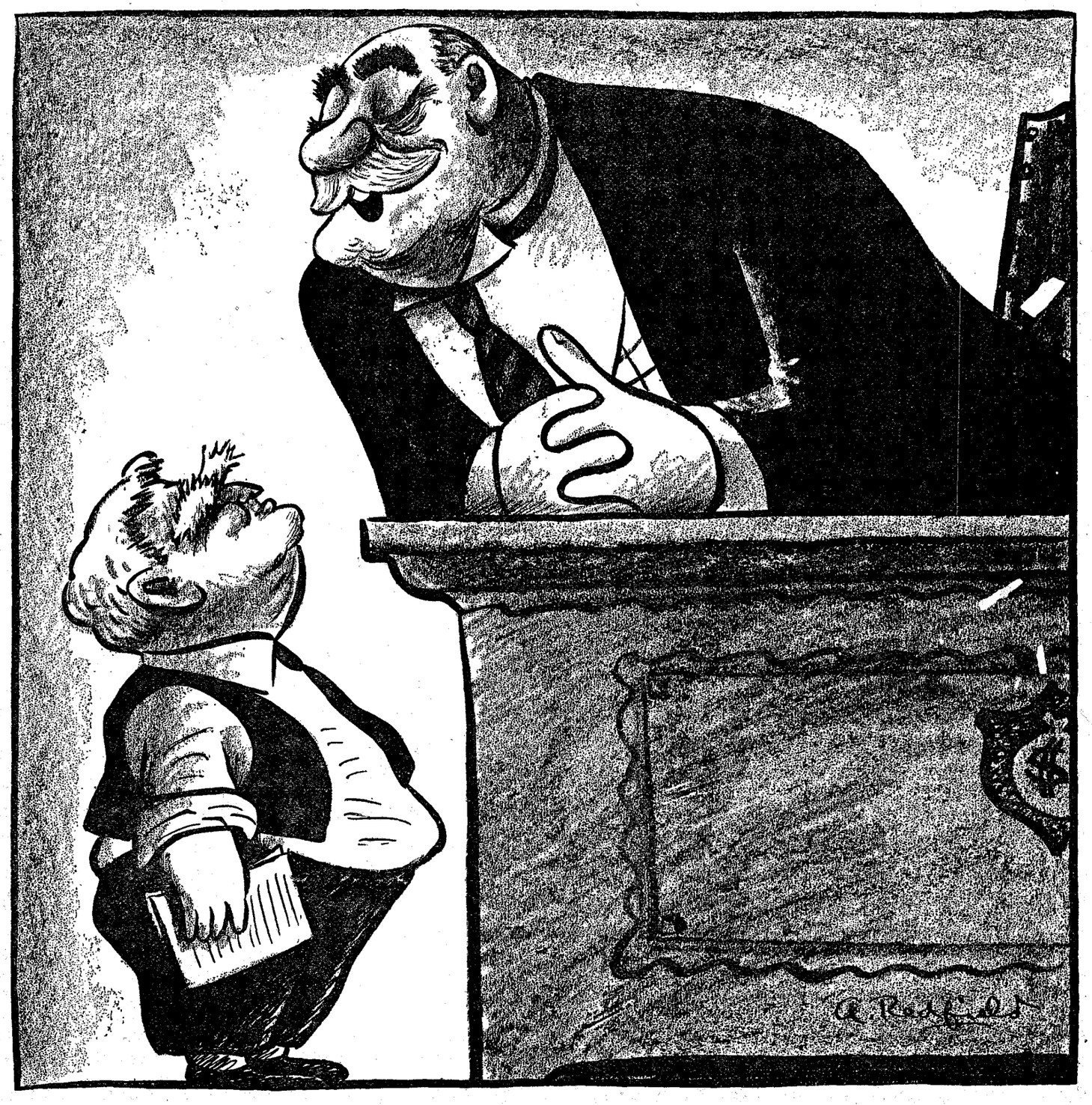
general plan to make democracy work by enlarging economic freedom. Listing the specifics last winter, Ickes started with work—and work at tasks that are congenial, for wages to support the worker in decency and comfort. He then called for social security, as well as safeguards for civil rights of free speech, assembly, and worship.

I was struck by the way in which the components of "workable democracy" laid down by Ickes—the liberal, the leader of Teddy Roosevelt's prewar Progressives — fit into, though they did not fulfill the democratic-front program for jobs, security, democracy, and peace. It attested anew the breadth and sureness with which advocates of the Socialist democracy of the future made the democratic-front design of the present out of the experience, the needs and hopes of all the people now living under the incubus of reaction and war and fascism. The importance of independent organization of those masses on whose support he counts seemed not to have occurred to Ickes; he talked only of the personal leadership of Roosevelt. But the Democratic Party Ickes projected would furnish a scaffolding for that democratic-front formation.

"There's a group in the Democratic Party who want to keep it liberal, and there's a group who want to take it back to reaction even though that would make it once more a minority party. That's what all the clamor and the beating of the tom-toms is about.

"The Republican Party doesn't seem to have enough life to stage a struggle within its ranks to slough off its reactionaries. If they present a reactionary candidate and platform, and reactionaries get control of the Democratic Party—then where would we go from there?

"But I am heartened by the manner in



A. Redfield

"Mr. Garner, we've been—er—watching your work . . ."

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which the people are calling the reactionaries' bluff. They did it in 1932, in 1934, and in 1936. Those elections proved that the great mass sentiment of this country is progressive sentiment. The reactionaries refused to abide by it—and the Hill and Pepper victories in the Alabama and Florida Democratic primaries proved that the people are pretty darn discriminating. Still the opposition sought to discredit Roosevelt and all he stood for. They were going to toss him to the wolves. They tried to blame him for the economic situation for which they were responsible. But here are the *Fortune* and Gallup polls showing Roosevelt has broken another precedent by maintaing his popular following. I feel confident that as other states are heard from, it will be borne in more and more on the reactionaries that the people are wise to them and mean to continue Roosevelt's progressive leadership and program. And if the masses do this, and remain united, we ought to come out all right."

★

FOR THE PEOPLE

IN THE June 18 issue of the New York *Gaelic American,* weekly newspaper organ of the Clan-na-Gael, Irish nationalist revolutionary organization, there is a curious item which we reprint:

DUBLIN, May 27.—A public meeting, held at Arles, Leix, yesterday, adopted a resolution calling on the government to grant a moratorium to the poor in regard to all debts on land.

The Very Rev. J. Killian, P.P., putting the resolution, said its value depended on the determination of the people themselves to hold their stock at all costs, even if it meant jail for them.

He himself would gladly go to jail to save the working horses and cows of anyone in the parish.

In so far as annuities were concerned, he added, "that was no excuse for pressing for them or for arrears just now.

"What is due on the land the land should pay, and not one penny more," he said.

Although a limited condition of political independence has been attained by four-fifths of Ireland, progress toward economic alleviation of the people's lot has been slow. The Irish clergy have a record, in general, of coldness toward their people's sufferings, against which there stand out in all the more brilliant contrast the minority of priests and bishops who have taken their stand with and for the people. Within recent weeks there have been celebrations throughout the County Wexford of the Rebellion of 1798, in which the foremost leader of the people was Father John Murphy. (Another leader was Bagenal Harvey, of whom Queens Borough President Harvey, who wants to hang Communists on lamp-posts, is truly a *descendant.* The influence of the Church is all-pervasive in Ireland, and when priests go so far as to advise their people to resist further exploitation, and offer to go to prison for and with their people, it is highly significant not only of the sufferings of the poor, but of a stiffening attitude among the exploited masses.

GARNER IN A FORD V-8

"How About Another Button?"

OSRO MIST

IT WAS a few minutes before noon and I was just standing there on the corner, waiting, as one does frequently, for the gong of history to ring. Usually nothing ever happens. This time a limousine rolled up and a large man sitting alone in back beckoned to me. I went over. "Can you tell me," he said, "where I can find Henry Ford?"

"This *is* Dearborn, Michigan," I said, "but I'm a stranger here." He smiled good-naturedly, leaned out, and pinned a button on my lapel.

"Cactus Jack!" said the large man proudly. "Cactus Jack for President!" The button was a likeness of Vice-President John N. Garner. It said simply, "CACTUS JACK."

"Get on the bandwagon!" the large man boomed, warmly. "Get in! I want you to show me where I can find Henry—Henry Ford." I hesitated, but he indicated that he was in the habit of giving orders and having them obeyed, so I got in. We started off. "My chauffeur knows where to find Henry," he grinned, "but he is already a Garner man." He pinned a button on my other lapel. "There!" he said, finally, and relaxed.

I had seen this large man somewhere before. It dawned on me. "J. P. Morgan!" I exclaimed.

He looked at me out of the corners of his eyes, mischievously.

"I am Mr. Mist," I said, democratically. "Just call me Mist."

"I am not J. P. Morgan," he said.

"You have a mustache," I suggested.

"So have you," he said.

He had me there.

"Mr. Ford called on you recently in Wall Street," I declared, confidently, "and now you are repaying his visit."

"You can't prove it," he said, and lighted a cigar. "I am in Scotland hunting grouse."

He did have a slight grouse accent.

"Why are *you* giving out these buttons?" I asked.

"I can't trust anybody else," he said seriously. "Last time, for Landon, I let other people do it. Look what happened." He gazed at the top of the car, then at his feet. "These are strange times," he mused.

We arrived at the Ford offices and were greeted cordially enough by a man who asserted that he was Mr. Ford. He called my companion "J. P." and being a little quicker than Mr. Morgan, pinned buttons on us before Morgan could pin one on him. I looked down at this button. It was also a picture of John N. Garner, but this time Garner was driving a Ford V-8. On the back of the button was printed: "$695 F. O. B., Dearborn, Mich."

Mr. Morgan sat down, looked the button over carefully, and shook his head. "You can't do that, Henry—Sloan won't stand for it!"

"Garner was my idea," said Mr. Ford firmly. He tapped at his knee with a pencil.

"I don't like to remind you, Henry," said J. P., "but Mr. Hearst discovered and developed Cactus Jack back in 1932. We have to give Hearst credit. For thirty years Garner had been hidden away in Congress playing poker."

"Hearst made Garner Vice-President," said Mr. Ford. "But *I* am making him President!"

"Humph!" said Mr. Morgan, a trifle unmannerly.

"Mr. Morgan," said Mr. Ford, slyly, "what do you hear from Richard Whitney?"

"He's fine," retorted J. P. "How's Capone and Harry Bennett?"

I had been listening and comparing buttons. "Gentlemen," I said, "with a spirit like this, you are only helping Roosevelt." It was an unfortunate remark. At the mere mention of Mr. Roosevelt's name, Mr. Morgan spluttered so that he extinguished his cigar. Mr. Ford, more restrained, counted ten, running his hands through his hair. "Even the du Ponts can't be counted on for fascism," he said, desperately. "If Roosevelt can't get 'em any other way, a Roosevelt marries into the family. I never swear, J. P., but there are too darn many Roosevelts. I tell you, they are taking the country!" Mr. Ford paced the floor, feeling his stomach.

"You don't need to worry about the du Ponts," said Mr. Morgan. "And there's one Roosevelt who's all right—Colonel Theodore the Younger."

"Who's ever heard about him?" said Mr. Ford, despondently.

"Everybody's heard about him," said Mr. Morgan, calmly. "It isn't that. They have forgotten about him."

Mr. Ford went over to his desk and pulled out a huge lower drawer. It was filled with buttons: Garner in the Ford V-8. Henry sat down on the floor, strewed the buttons about him, and began: "If we can just put the unemployed to work on farms, growing these buttons—"

"No more Fordisms," said Mr. Morgan sharply. "You may sell that to the Associated Press but you can't sell it to Wall Street.

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Buttons will help decide the next Presidential election, but they are not going to decide it alone. Pictures will play a big part. What new photo magazines we don't control, we will buy up—and with Henry Luce's editors of *Life* writing the captions—"

"Captions?" said Mr. Ford, reflectively. "Is that a book, a soldier in the Revolutionary War, or a cherry tree?"

"It has nothing to do with Ford automobiles," said Mr. Morgan politely. "And, I believe I heard you mention the word fascism a while ago. I would steer away from that word, Henry. Everybody tells me we should talk only about New Deal spending, spending, spending! You know, Henry—how did you get where you are today—by spending?"

"Yes," said Mr. Ford.

Mr. Morgan lighted a new cigar and turned to me. "Mr. Mist," he said, "how about another button?"

"Thank you, J. P.," I said. "Don't get up. I'll get a handful out of Mr. Ford's drawer."

I reached for a handful of buttons but Mr. Ford stopped me. "The buttons are five cents each," he said.

"Mr. Ford," said Mr. Morgan, "you're crazy. We must give these buttons away to get people to take them two years in advance. And they must take them now. Hearst got ninety votes for Garner in the Democratic national convention by running a phony biography in his chain of newspapers for several months. This time we will start with these buttons and Hearst two years in advance. It will be a cinch. If you know the House of Morgan, you know that we are interested only in sure things."

"I hold out for a five-cent button," declared Mr. Ford. "My Garner button is perfumed. It smells just like a Ford V-8."

"With whom in it?" said Morgan.

"Just Garner—and Edsel—"

"What do you think you're going to do—run your son for Vice-President?"

"No," said Mr. Ford. "I am something of a politician myself, if I do say so. I propose that we run Charlie McCarthy for Vice-President."

"Henry," said Mr. Morgan, "one dummy on a ticket is enough."

I interrupted. "You don't mean, Mr. Morgan," I said, "that Garner would be only a dummy for—well, say you and Mr. Ford?"

Mr. Morgan laughed. "Of course not. Mr. Mist, as one of the twenty-five million members of the American leisure class, I can assure you that Cactus Jack is from Texas. Do you think we better put that on the button?"

I was flattered. "That would be better than '$695 F. O. B., Dearborn, Mich.,' I said. "I like indirectness."

Mr. Ford wrinkled his nose at me.

"I favor," said Mr. Morgan, "a ticket of Garner and Clark Gable. I like the alliteration—Garner and Gable—"

Ford rose to his feet. "Absolutely immoral, J. P.—but I have been thinking—and when Henry Ford thinks! I have been thinking: why do we have to wait the two years you've been talking about? I don't want to be the whole show, J. P. Let's organize the American people and sail up Chesapeake Bay in your yacht *Corsair* with the slogan: 'Get Roosevelt Out of the White House by Christmas!' "

This time Mr. Morgan did not splutter. He almost bounced from his chair to grasp Henry's hand. "Henry, you have something! Only we will have to rename my yacht the *Cactus Jack.*"

"We can get a crew of real Americans," enthused Mr. Ford, "members of the National Manufacturers Association, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the Nazi Bund—"

"And the New York Stock Exchange," said Mr. Morgan. "I think we can get Garner himself to be skipper. We'll invite Glenn Frank, Hoover, Al Smith, Fritz Kuhn, Landon, twelve du Ponts, Hugh Johnson—and we can take Walter Lippmann, Mark Sullivan, and Dorothy Thompson along to write it up!"

"Pardon me," I said, "for interrupting. But won't you have to have new buttons?"

Morgan's eyes brightened even more. "Sure —CACTUS JACK on the *Cactus Jack!*"

Mr. Ford agreed, but looking around at his drawer full of buttons, asked rather sadly, "What will we do with the old ones?" They both looked at me.

"What do you suppose I brought Mr. Mist along for?" said Mr. Morgan.

"To give him the old buttons," said Ford, thoughtfully.

"That's it," said Mr. Morgan. They walked on out and left me there with the buttons.

★

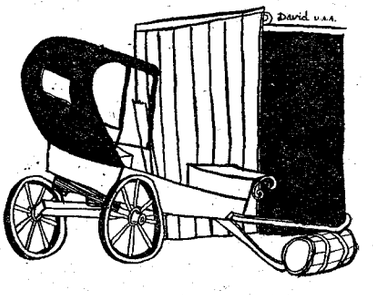
THE PIONEER

I WANT to tell you about an evening when I stood in the sagebrush and looked up a short hill. It was the last of the sunset, and there on a pile of old stumps atop the hill stood a young man, a black silhouette against the streaking gray clouds with the pink edges and the yellow-green sky between. The minor lines of his face were lost in the growing darkness, but his profile against the sky, surmounted by shaggy, uncombed hair, was rugged and powerful. Beneath him we were three hundred, and I alone was not hungry. We were of all ages; some of us tottered with years; some of us cried in our mothers' arms, and I alone was not in rags. The rugged figure against the sky poured fire into us, and we were one person, although I did not belong. I alone had a home to go to, a bed to sleep in, a future to live for, a life to love.

I wanted to tell them that they, too, are the American people. I wanted to point to the hills on the horizon and tell them that less than thirty years ago those hills were all sagebrush. I wanted to tell them that American people had fought the desert and had planted the peas and the wheat and the alfalfa, and had made it civilized because they were fighting people. I wanted to tell them that they, too, were American people with the right to fight for what was theirs, but I did not.

I could not tell them because I was only a "spectator." I could not tell them because I am on the wrong side of the struggle. I would lose my job. I could help those people, because they would follow me, but I would have to become one of them. I could help them protect their civil liberties, but I would have to give up all hope of being economically better than themselves. So I sang for them instead while one of them strummed an old guitar—sang cowboy songs for about an hour, and they were happy then. I gave them cigarettes and a little money, and I took cigarettes and newspapers to their leaders in the jail, and then I went away with a heavy heart and did not go back, for in my world they are not the American people. They are what we like to call "Communists" and "labor radicals," which we consider a stigma, and they have no social standing. We do not recognize them as human beings because they cannot afford to have their diseases cured, and their babies die faster than ours. We abhor them because they cannot buy food, so fall easy prey to trachea and dysentery and syphilis and tuberculosis. We are snobs above them because they must spend every bit of time and energy trying to keep them and theirs alive, and so have no education or superficiality or sophistry. We cannot understand them because they speak with poetic directness, and fight and love and have faith in a battle which we will not let them win. We condemn them and jail them because they are dissenters and disturbers of the peace, and we hold them in jail because they have no money for lawyers, although we have no legal charge against them. We hire them for the dirtiest kind of work, and we let our own black soil suck the life from them through their hands. Then we pay them with pennies, because we know they must have work. All this we do to them because we are the American people. But they, too, are Americans.

But I was one of them, and although I went away with a heavy heart and did not return, I shall not forget the symbol of that rugged black silhouette against the sunset, for he was a fighting pioneer of America, leading his people to new fields.—JOHN M. BREEN.



David

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HER CHOSEN THEME

A Modern Dancer's Credo

BLANCHE EVAN

We can't deny it any longer. Perhaps musicians and graphic artists can bide their time until the public takes their works to its bosom, even a hundred years after their decease. But the work of a dancer, despite the noble efforts of dance notationists and the invaluable aid of the moving picture to preservation, must be accepted not only within her life, but within her not-too-old life. The modern dance, born of a rebellion against the romanticism of Isadora Duncan, against the eclecticism of Ruth St. Denis, and against the theatricalism of the Russian ballet, has not yet achieved any appreciable percentage of the audience enjoyed by any one of its predecessors.

No sincere artist prefers a small coterie of initiates to a wide mass audience. Any true artist works for humanity and desires to be understood by humanity. This is not to say that the modern dancer to be widely accepted should "give the public what it wants." It is to ask, rather, "Why has the modern dancer failed to reach even that audience which supports good theater, good music, good painting? Why does the modern dance fail to hold the interest of that audience that loves the modern music of Shostakovich and the modern painting of Picasso?"

The glib talk that the modern dance must "return to the theater" is, in itself, superficial. The art form of the modern dance cannot arrive at its own fulfillment by means of borrowed finery. Besides, dance pageantry has not been the only form of the dance in the past generation that has held the interest of the world. Isadora Duncan stripped performance of all theatricality. She danced in a simple tunic against a one-toned cyclorama. Yet to thousands of people, the word "Duncan" recalls a thrill in the theater. There must be some chemical, present or lacking, in its own organic formula which to date has prevented the modern dance from becoming a really potent factor in the American concert field.

In a recent modern dance recital I attended, the first half of the program was devoted to a ballet, *The Happy Hypocrite—a Fairy Tale for Tired Men* by Max Beerbohm. The ballet had very few program notes, but the characters were unmistakable: "ladies . . . captains . . . a naive country lass, looking for a husband with the face of a saint," etc. The auditorium was not banked, but the people of the audience were interested enough to stand in their seats to enable them to get a better view; including John and his wife Mary, directly in front of me, who obstructed my own vision. They *insisted* on seeing what was going on on the stage. The second half of the program was devoted to a composition dealing with the broad personal philosophy of the choreographer: "the growth of the individual in relation to his fellows in an ideal state." This was subdivided into "choreographic" titles: "Circular Theme . . . Variations . . .," etc., and these abstract subdivisions were interspersed with more concrete though still very general concepts: "Processional, Celebration," etc. Despite the fact that the performance in itself was of the highest caliber, the interest of the audience lagged after the first five minutes. Eventually, a number of people left; John whispered to his wife, "Come, Mary, it is enough. Even when they explain it on the program, I don't understand it." Yet John and Mary had been concerned enough with the art of the dance to come to the recital in the first place—to attend, as a matter of fact, a whole series, since this performance was only one of a season subscription of dance recitals.

It is an old—though whispered—complaint of modern dance audiences—of those who are honest enough to admit it—"I don't understand." Too old and too frequent for us to accept any longer Martha Graham's repeated refutation that an audience shouldn't try to understand—it should *react*. Of course, it should react, but obviously something blocks its power to react. And isn't it time the modern dancer squarely faced the problem? Why should the same man who, as audience, had truly *participated* in the *Happy Hypocrite* suddenly find himself figuratively barred from the remainder of the performance? In his humility, he did not blame the artists but rather himself for his inability to react. From his remark, it was clear that he felt he could not react until he *understood*.

Understood what? Not every single movement of the dance, but at least the general *intention* of the composer. To this, he could find no clue. His inability to discover the connection between the program titles and the dancing on the stage seemed to prevent him from reacting. Had the dances been frankly abstract, *Dance Symphony No. 5*, let us say, John might have sat back and reacted to movement much as he would and does to abstract music. As it was, with the titles indicating a specific intellectual idea, he naturally sought the exposition of this idea in terms of dance—and this he could not find. Why? Because what was going on on the stage was not the translation of the literal idea into recognizable movement images, but rather the evolutions of an abstract design cemented with a cryptic content; the *raison d'être* remained a mystery. The sincerity of the composers, Humphrey and Weidman, is not questioned; besides, they are master craftsmen; in this instance, they had simply followed the main esthetic line of the modern dance: that of conceiving a *generalized specific idea* in *abstract unrelated* movement, thus leaving undefined in the final dance product the emotional *and* the intellectual core of the idea.

Isadora Duncan, too, danced personally and abstractly, but she made her appeal simply and directly to the emotional responses of her audience. The titles of her dances made no pretense of connoting anything specific. Her themes were purely emotional, treating of generalized joy, sorrow, the spirit of freedom, "the ultimate intensification of the feeling of life," as Curt Sachs describes certain primitive dancing. Our modern dancers, on the other hand, as all our modern artists, are no longer satisfied to deal romantically with primitive emotions. They have turned to the expression of ideas and in so doing, they have shied away from a simple emotional appeal. But unlike our modern artists, they have feared the realm of the literal, so that they have also shied away from specification of material. Their chosen themes have been either broadly epic or personally introvertive, and in both cases of a very nebulous nature.

And where have the modern dancers turned for the source of their movement symbols? In the answer to this question can be found the reason for the impenetrable barricade now existent between the audience and the performer. The modern dance choreographers have not used the objective realities around them as have our painters. They have been content, in the main, to exploint an abstract vocabulary of technical movement which they have evolved within the last fifteen years, and which they originally created as a reaction to the flowing curves of Duncan and to the classic finery of the ballet.

True, there are times in the history of the arts when a new assertion of the powers of the art medium, to the exclusion of all else, is necessary. Such was the state of the dance in 1920, as it had been of painting twenty-five years earlier. And it seems that since then, the concern of the modern dancers has been not in the discovery of a new technique for the expression of ideas and emotions, as Stanislavsky of the Moscow Art evolved for the theater, but in the rediscovery of movement *per se*. In this they succeeded. They truly rediscovered body movement in its dynamic and stylistic potentialities; but however valuable this new *kinesthetic* may be, it cannot justify forever the unclear *esthetic* which they have built around it.

It was logical, perhaps, for the modern dancer to choose themes of a most general

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nature: of the sweeping philosophic beliefs and of the personal psychological twists of the composer. In both cases, she had no tangible responsibility to the audience for clarity. Themes chosen from the real objective world, themes of a more detailed nature, would have bound her to reality and to recognizability of movement, and would have demanded a more literal connotation of movement. This, in turn, would have hampered her in the free exploitation of her newly discovered vocabulary of "pure" physical movement. It is well to understand this. The net result, however, was a definite estrangement from the audience. In the exposition of these themes, with the avoidance of reality thematically and as a source for the movement symbols, no contact with reality was made, and in the final product, there were no communicable dance images offered to the audience. The audience could not fathom the artist's specific-general-concrete-abstract interpretation of the theme, and was left to float on the wide open sea of the composer's own mysterious ego-craft.

Yes, it is right to analyze and to understand; and the fact that the modern dancers continue to pursue this creative process leads one to analyze still further. What may have been an integral part of their fight to establish a new kind of physical movement, strong, and unafraid, of angularity and percussiveness, has become a philosophy of movement in its own right. The bourgeois love of the "pure" comes more and more to the fore, a definite hangover of art for art's sake. You hear modern dancers say it. They write it, and they dance it. They have a horror of so-called "programmatic" dancing: uncompromising specification of thematic material; and they therefore have a horror of making movement images functional, realistic, and really directly interpretive of the thematic material. Yet they are aware of the necessity, artistically, and, in some cases, opportunistically, of dealing with the contemporary scene. The titles of the dances therefore have undergone a change. There is an increasing number of anti-war and anti-fascist dances. But the creative process of movement has not changed. *An American Lyric,* for instance, Martha Graham's newest group composition, boasts a fine *base* for a dance script. "This dance has as its theme the basic American *right*—freedom of assembly" —so reads the program note. But again the *movement symbols* employed in the dance are not symbols expressive of the theme. They are the movements from the composer's predetermined category of pure "kinesthetic," detached and abstract and purely physical. The audience seems to remain emotionally unmoved and intellectually unsatisfied. And the same applies, I believe, equally well to the majority of the compositions of the "younger" modern dancers, who, it seems, have not yet divorced themselves from the creative thinking of their parent schools.

To the masses of common people, reality is mainly a composite of detailed specifications. And every telling work of art dealing with ideas (as our modern dancers wish to do), has been specific in its main content and, of course, in its use of detailed images. The implication has been general, in the sense of universal, but the particular work of art has dealt with one little kernel taken from the general mass. I could give any number of classic examples, but I prefer to speak in contemporary terms.

In the theater today, one of the best examples is to be found in the imagery employed by Marc Blitzstein in *The Cradle Will Rock.* He does not write a song about the vague demoralization of the poor. He writes a song called "The Nickel Under Your Foot." And when you hear, "Maybe you wonder what it is, makes people good or bad. . . . I'll tell you what I feel, it's just the nickel under the heel," etc., the response is immediate. Specifically, you know what a nickel is, you know what a nickel can buy, and through this knowledge, you gather from the song that universally, for lack of "nickels," the poor may become demoralized.

The modern dance has failed to register its implications, either universal or specific, with its audiences, because its content has been so blatantly general and its movement symbols so divorced from reality, having been molded around the particular psyche of the composer, rather than of the theme. "How can you compare the abstract medium of the dance, movement, to that of a song and words?" (Do I hear my colleagues chanting?) My answer is that Blitzstein might have written a general song: "The Demoralization of the Poor," but he didn't. He wrote a particular song: "The Nickel Under Your Foot." Even our modern composers of supposed abstract music realize that the era of the "pure" is past. Their musical forms turn more and more to reality for their inspiration and more and more to collaborative functions with the other arts to enable them to find a more realistic sphere in which to work.

It is significant that in Hanya Holm's *Trend,* a dance composition of an evening's length, whose content deals with cataclysmic abstract forces of destiny, the most interesting sections, judging from audience reaction, were those few detailed parts of more or less specific characterization like "The Effete" and "From Heaven Limited"—so much more comprehensible, more real, more tangible to people than the major portions of the work like "The Gates Are Desolate." What Gates? Who are Desolate? Why? Why does Martha Graham's dance "Frontier" seem to get a warmer response than almost any other of her solo dances? Perhaps because when the curtain opens one sees what appears to be an impression of a pioneer woman, dressed accordingly —not a vague generality of womanhood. And furthermore, she's sitting—in dance terms of course, and justly so—on an artistic representation of a fence. And she has her hand above her eyes, as if she's looking across wide horizons. Communication in the dance rests, as in any other art, upon recognition, subconscious or otherwise, of the symbols used. This applies to the dance, as well as to music or writing. Upon this recognition depends the first spark of contact between artist and audience. And upon this spark depends the whole plane of receptivity of the audience.

This does not mean that the modern dancer must sacrifice the new range of body movement, her fruits of years of work, for communicable images. Nor does it mean that she must separate, as does the art of ballet, the content from the kinesthetic proper. (The art of ballet is built on a juxtaposition of pantomime and dance movement, depending on the virtuosity of the latter for its kinesthetic excitement, and on the pantomime for the clarity of its ideas.) But if she wishes to deal with ideas, she cannot simply turn her back on this element of recognizability. She must find and build a new technique, not of abstract movement, but of a means of communicating her ideas through movement. And especially if she wishes to appeal to the emotions by means of her idea—and the emotional is the usual channel of contact for the artist—she must then be so clear in her movement symbols that the audience will not waste one second of the time of the few short-lived minutes she is on the stage, to figure out her intention.

The words of Morris Carnovsky of the Group Theatre apply as well to the dancer as to the actor: "The greater the degree of frankness and simplicity of image. . . . the greater instrument of the theater he becomes." This does not imply, necessarily, that the dancer must be photographically realistic in

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THANKS—WITH THUNDER

It's sometimes difficult to think
Of ways appropriate to thank
The insolence of those Good Doers
Who lift us up to something lower—

Philanthropists whose favors come
From rent collected in a slum;
The altruists, who share their food
Because it makes *them* feel so good;
The really rich, who pledge the most
That they may make the louder boast,
Who are so princely generous
With fortunes they have fleeced from us;
The robin-breasted social sow
Whose "Wednesday Benefits" endow
A model recreation center
For those who go without their dinner;
The profiteer, the politician
Who donate, to avoid suspicion;
All those who find it safe, and wise,
And a cheap way to advertise—

Who on a day shall stand afraid
Of thunder that themselves have made
By tossing nickels on the drum
That signals their own doom.

HOWARD NUTT.

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her movement images. Again Carnovsky's words are aptly applied to the problem of the modern dance composer: "The main principle of Stanislavsky was that of 'spiritualized realism'—'the truth, the truth, nothing but the truth.' Now Vahktangoff admitted the possibility of falsehood—but only when justified from within. The Vahktangoff theater . . . utilized fantasy and the grotesque in its development away from the earlier realism as a possible means of intensifying the emotional reality." But "The problem is then to justify from the inner feeling this strange and apparently 'unrealistic' gesture emotionally. The great thing is to grasp the inner emotional reality, the poetic emotion . . ."; but, may I emphasize, the poetic emotion of the theme. Besides, it seems to me, the modern dancer has enough to do today with simply following the Stanislavsky line, with just finding "the truth, the truth, nothing but the truth"; with finding those "images . . . linked with other images in the consciousness of" their audiences, as Feuchtwanger has written of the writers' problem. [NEW MASSES, June 21.] Really, if you are in search of reality and of direct communication, the problem is the same whether you are writer, song-writer, painter, or dancer.

Such a search would undoubtedly mean a sacrifice of the "tried and true" choreographic methods, along with the change in artistic viewpoint. It might even mean a tendency toward literal pantomime—but only temporarily so. If the modern dance has any role to play historically in the art of the dance, it would seem to be the integration of a fresh, dynamic vocabulary, with a dance imagery derived from the particular subject matter of each new dance. The conservative critic is quick to write that since the modern dancer has failed to make her ideas clear in her dances, she should abandon the job, and return to the fold—just dance: move around, leap high, look beautiful. We who know the limitations of that art do not accept the advice.

There is no question that the modern dance has in its power the means to stimulate the interest and participation of wide audiences; after all, it is the form of dance that has arisen out of a real need of change and of rebellion. But as long as its achievements remain of the craft alone, it will remain for the craft alone: for an audience, a small one at best, and that chiefly drawn from the girls' colleges where the modern dance is now taught. That world does not represent the masses of the people, though our modern dancers seem so involved in their immediate artistic and economic problems that they really seem to lose their sense of proportion in this respect. Nor is the situation helped by the fact that the cosmopolitan critics of the dance, left and right, are equally involved in this small petty "inside" world of the dancer, and of the dance, and not enough in the world of the masses.

"I believe that a work which has any claims to being a work of art must get the recognition of both the connoisseurs and the masses.

Herb Kruckman

"It's a camp counselor's job—nice outdoor life—real German cooking—"

What satisfies the masses but does not satisfy the expert is created from materials which are too shoddy, and is, therefore, without the element of permanence. A work of art which moves only the experts but not the masses does so exclusively because of its form and not its content, and is therefore also ephemeral. Only that work of art can have any claim to permanence which moves both the masses and the connoisseur." Feuchtwanger's words should mean much to the dancer, especially when she realizes that the "claim to permanence" of a dance must be established in the fleeting moments of a single performance, sometimes of three or four minutes.

We, of the craft, recognize the greatness of the new impetus to body movement the leaders of the modern dance have evolved. But the world is not interested directly in the craft of the arts. Nor does Toscanini expect the layman to sit at his concerts with a score in its collective lap. Their contribution for people will become tangible only when it becomes a channel for a communicable form, for clear ideas clothed in clear emotions. To achieve this, a departure seems necessary from rigid technical vocabularies and psychic imagery, with a new regard and a replaced emphasis on the *thematic connotation* of movement. How to transmute reality into dance *movement* (not into pantomime), becomes a new field of creative activity for the modern dancer. The "inherent dualism" between "abstract movement and pure expression" which, writes Lincoln Kirstein, "can never seem to be resolved even by judicious combination," may *yet* be resolved.

It seems to me, the answer lies in more particularized themes (which is why my own dances have changed in the past few seasons from abstractions like *Resentment and Awareness* to specifications like *An Office Girl Dreams* and *Slum Child*). With such a particularization there would occur an automatic departure from the monotonous costuming of the modern dancer—the consistent variety of modern-dance-negligee, ankle length, limited in variation almost to odd color combinations—and with this, the invariable hair comb of the modern dancer, her consistent neglect of the use of head-dress, and, in general, her lack of completion in costume.

The sum total perhaps would be described as a pilgrimage "back to the theater." But not for its own sake. Rather would it be a jubilant march: *exeunt* from the shrouded psyche of herself and of her craft into the light of her chosen theme.

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MY BIG BROTHER GOES BACK

A Short Short Story

PRUDENCIO DE PEREDA

He came running right in through the doorway and began to come running up the stairs toward me very fast before he raised his head and saw me standing there. Then he stopped running suddenly and came up to me, taking two slow steps at a time. I went down to him and took his arm.

"Figueras?" I said. "You are looking for Figueras? Corporal Figueras? I brightened up my face and tried to look eager.

"Figueras? Yes, Figueras. I want Corporal Figueras! His brigade goes out in five minutes."

"Good!" I said. "Right here! I'm Figueras." I said this very quickly. "I was just going down. Come on!"

He grabbed at my shirt front and pushed me back slowly against the bannister. He held me out there like that and looked at me.

"You Figueras?" he said looking at me. "Are you Figueras?" He was looking closely at my hat.

"Yes!" I said. "Yes!" I was worried about the hat. It was a little bit too big for me. My brother has a bigger head than I have. I could feel my face beginning to show the worry.

He grabbed me hard and shook me. "What is this?" he said. "What's this? You're only a kid. You're only a little kid. Where's Corporal Jaime Figueras, First Brigade, Sixth Regiment? Come on, Nino, this is important. Come on, talk!"

"I'm Jaime Figueras, the corporal. I was just going down. I am very sorry that I'm late. I was just going down to go to the front with the brigade."

He pulled me back and forth a little by the shirt front that he kept tightening his grip on. He was getting very mad.

"Listen, hombre!" he said. "It's a big disgrace to have to go and call Spaniards up from the bed to go to the front lines. That's very bad to me. I want them to run to this fight. Now, listen! Don't you give me more to do. Where's this Jaime?"

"I'm Jaime Figueras, Señor. I'm Jaime Figueras."

"Listen," he yelled out, "I know you. I'm beginning to know you, now. You're one of those little boys who watch the parades behind the lines. You can't go to war. You can't fight, you little baby, you! I know you. I saw you at some of the meetings. Where's Jaime?"

"I . . ." I said.

"Where's Jaime Figueras? You're his brother, maybe, eh? I was a little unsure at first. You had me a little fooled at first," he said in a quick sure voice, as if he were apologizing for taking so long with this matter. "I was all excited over the bad way we're going. Come on! Tell me, where is he? Hurry up, kid."

He let me go. I started to cry.

"What's this?"

"Jaime is sick," I said. "He wants me to go for him. I can shoot. He taught me how to shoot. That's why I didn't go out before. I didn't know how to shoot."

"He's sick?"

"He's sick in bed. He's very sick in bed. He can't see anyone. He told me how to do it all. I can take his place, Señor!"

He grabbed my arm. "He's sick? Where's he at? Come on! Where's he sick at? I have to know this."

"It's no good, Señor Capitan," I said. I did not know if he was a captain. "It's no good. He can't see you. He can't talk to you."

"That's what you tell me! I'll talk to him. Where's he at? You goddam little tonto, I got to see him!" He began to move up the stairs, pulling me with him.

"Captain," I said. "Little Captain, he's unconscious!"

"What's your floor?" he yelled. "What's your floor? What apartment?"

"Captain! Dear Captain, listen!"

He pulled his hand away from my arm and slapped me hard across the face.

"What apartment, I said."

"*C*, Captain. *C* 2, third floor back."

He let go of me and went running up the stairs and turned at the first landing. I stayed there with my face ringing and the tears running down. I could hear him running up the second flight, and then stop for a moment to look around. Then he opened the door and suddenly yelled out, "Aaah! Aaaaah! God damn it! God damn it all!"

I heard him stay there for a minute, and then he came down the steps, jumping slowly two at a time. When he turned to come down my flight he was looking at me and he was very calm. He came down and put his arm around me.

"So he did not want to go out any more? He couldn't go back any more, eh?" he said.

"He was very tired. Jaime was not frightened. He was not a coward! He was only very tired."

"When did he do this thing?"

"I found him like that this morning when I came to see how he was."

"You found him hanging like that?"

"Yes," I said. "I understand it though."

"I, too, comrade. I understand it, too."

We did not say anything for a moment. Then he said, "What's your name?"

I tried to make a smile. "Jaime Figueras," I said. "Jaime Figueras, Corporal."

"You coming out now, Corporal Jaime?"

"Yes, Señor. Yes! I'm sorry that I'm late. I will stay by you and you can tell me what to do. I can shoot well."

"Come on, then, Corporal," he said. He tightened his arm around my shoulder.

We went down and out into the streets, and then began to run. I was not frightened anymore.

"We're late," he said. "We'll be going out right away."

"Good," I said. "Good!"

We were running fast. We were running side by side with our arms swinging out.

"Hey, Captain," I yelled. "I'll stay by you and you just tell me where to go and what to do, eh?"

"That's right! That's all right, kid! You're a good boy!"

"Do you think we'll stop them, Captain?"

"We'll stop them. We'll stop them all right."

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HELIUM FOR HITLER?

Nazi zeppelin-commander Hugo Eckener has made a revelation. He asserts, from Friedrichshafen, that Secretary of Interior Ickes' ban on exporting helium to Hitler is a piece of campaign strategy. Prepare to hear more such blasts—and to counter them with the facts.

Eckener's was the first public move in a campaign that has been under way, under cover in Washington, for several weeks. This campaign has the support of Secretary of Navy Swanson. Its object is to break down Ickes' ban.

We agree with Eckener when he admits by implication that any gesture against Nazism is good political capital in democratic America. And it may be that Ickes is aware that his ban carries a moral gesture against fascism. But the fact is, Ickes took his stand long before the campaigns began; and it rests not on sentiment but on established American law.

The German Zeppelin Co. wants to buy some of the gas which America alone produces in plenty, and which Ickes' Bureau of Mines controls. Its military significance lies in its non-inflammability. Airships inflated with anything else are fine targets in wartime; once hit, they explode. Not so with helium-inflated dirigibles. The latter are incomparably safer. That is the opinion of the world's outstanding experts. In view of this, Congress adopted a law specifically forbidding helium exports that would build up foreign accumulations "in

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quantities of military importance." Under that law, Ickes blocked the proposed purchases by the Nazis. Commander Eckener put in a personal appearance to plead for American support. Again rebuffed by Ickes, Eckener departed. However, very soon Ickes encountered renewed "heat." Secretary of Navy Swanson fell into a sudden quandary over whether the projected sale really meant anything militarily—a paradoxical quandary for the chief of a navy constantly begging Congress for helium-inflated airships for itself.

From sources directly informed, we learn that Swanson is fronting for two groups who want to put through the sale for their own reasons. One is the Goodyear Zeppelin Co. Its blimps are always floating over the capital, with dignitaries aboard, on complimentary observation flights. What few realize, outside Washington, is that this company, holding exclusive rights to construct zeppelins in America with German patents, stands to profit nicely from big-navy, lighter-than-air construction.

Among the Goodyear blimp riders are American naval officers who like that much better than sitting up at the Lakehurst Naval Air Station with nothing to do. These naval airship officers have had too much of the latter to suit them since there's been nothing in their hangar save the outworn, deflated *Los Angeles*. Hence, they are ready to do anything to further airship development anywhere, anytime, in order to heighten the incentive for American big-navy airships. They are the other center of "heat" for the helium sale. Actually, the naval airship officers, and the Goodyear company, want America to sell helium to Hitler in order that he can have a ship well toward completion by the time Congress returns—then that Nazi ship, using American helium, will be cited as a menace against which America must build. Of course, when these people urge the sale, they insist that helium is non-military, and when they seek zeppelins of their own from Congress they insist that the ships and hence the helium are of great importance.

Secretary Ickes, quick to poke into the hole in the position of the navy and Goodyear men, has been busy lately collecting evidence out of their own mouths. He has had a twenty-two page memo made of the collected sayings of the navy's most famous. And his star witness is Commander Charles Rosendahl, the Lakehurst chief who stood by at Friedrichshafen while Eckener ridiculed Ickes' helium ban. Rosendahl happens to be a leading exponent of the immense military importance of the zeppelin—if, and only if, it is blown up with what Rosendahl calls that "valuable military asset"—helium.

It is that simple. If Hitler builds, with American helium, America can be driven to build against Hitler. Without American helium, Hitler's outlook for airships to send scouting and airplane-convoying against any democratic nation remains, to use a euphemism, extremely hazardous.

The blast from Friedrichshafen shows that Ickes needs public support.

Readers' Forum

Stanley High Again

TO NEW MASSES: Stanley High's statement attributed to me is pure imagination. I never made any statements remotely similar to his quotation. What he says is so fantastic and untrue as to be easily recognizable Republican propaganda aimed to damage the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party.

Anyone familiar with Minnesota conditions knows that the Republican Party has fought every progressive proposal made by the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party. A good example is the support given by the Republicans in the last session of the legislature to efforts of United States Steel Corp. to avoid just taxes on the Mesaba Range Iron Ore mines. In the present campaign the Republicans identify themselves with big-business interests once more by bringing forward as their candidate for governor the darling of the packing trust, Harold Stassen.

Naturally the Minnesota Communist Party supports the fight of Governor Benson and the Farmer-Labor Party to tax the iron-ore miners and defeat the packing-house candidate for governor, just as on a national scale the Communist Party supports the progressive proposals of Roosevelt's New Deal.

High's imaginary quotation in which he says that I recommend the Communist Party "taking over the United States by 1940" is a fair example of the inaccuracy of most of his article. The Communist Party stands for introducing Socialism into the United States when the people so desire. In this it sharply differs from the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party, which does not concern itself with long term changes, but confines itself to legislative reforms of the moment, within the confines of capitalism.

The Communist Party always confines itself to democratic methods. It has faith in the good sense of the people and believes that necessary social changes should be brought about by the majority of the people exercising their democratic privileges.

Minneapolis, Minn. LEM HARRIS.

Pressure on Smart

TO NEW MASSES: Enclosed is a copy of a letter received from Meyer Levin.

FRANKLIN FOLSOM.
Executive Secretary, League of
New York City. American Writers.

[ENCLOSURE]

DEAR SIRS: I wish to appeal through the League to all fellow-members, urging them to wire or write their protest to Mr. David Smart, publisher of *Esquire* and *Ken,* over his concession to reactionary pressure in discontinuing my department of motion-picture criticism, "The Candid Cameraman," which has been appearing in *Esquire* for more than four years.

The issue is not merely one of whether I or someone else or no one shall write movie criticism for *Esquire.* The issue is clearly the freedom of the press. This is the first instance, to my knowledge, where a systematic pressure campaign (for your information, organized chiefly by the Catholic Church) in terms of letters and postcards to advertisers in these magazines, has been utilized to suppress the free expression of views by writers. Mr. Smart has made it very clear that it is not his editorial policy to suppress me, but that he is bowing to the express commands of certain advertisers, who in turn confront him with hundreds of postcards advising them to withdraw their advertising from magazines which employ writers like myself. There are other writers involved, but mine is the only instance of a department of long standing in the magazine—the oldest, in point of fact, in *Esquire.*

Naturally, if Mr. Smart is permitted to concede to this type of pressure, the same tactics may be used in the future to gang up on any writer. It takes only a few letters to impress an advertiser.

I believe that a flood of letters from writers will convince Mr. Smart that he must fight this attack, and fight it openly. Letters from the other side will give him a counter-weapon to show to the advertisers. I believe you will agree with me that it would be suicide to allow this anti-liberal campaign to establish itself as a precedent, as a method.

Chicago, Ill. MEYER LEVIN.

Peace Parade

TO NEW MASSES: For the past five years the American League for Peace and Democracy has sought to make the anniversary of the outbreak of the World War an occasion for rallying the peace-minded and democracy-loving people of New York in a united expression of their determination to prevent another World War which would be even more destructive and terrible than the last.

This year the danger of such a recurrence is more acute than ever before. As Secretary of State Cordell Hull declared, "There is a desperate need in our country and in every country of a strong and united public opinion in support of a renewal and demonstration of faith in the possibility of a world order based on law and international cooperative effort."

We feel that our fifth annual Peace Parade, to be held on August 6 in commemoration of the twenty-fourth anniversary of the beginning of the World War, is an occasion to solidify that body of "united public opinion" and render it articulate in defense of democracy and peace. We call upon all who love peace and freedom to march with us on August 6.

New York City. ELEANOR BRANNAN.

John Reed's Grave

TO NEW MASSES: During my recent trip to the Soviet Union, I made a definite checkup regarding the widespread rumor that the grave of John Reed, one of the first American Communists and once an editor of *The Masses,* who died in Russia in 1920, had been removed from the Red Square. I can state without qualification that the rumor is false, since I and my wife actually visited the grave of Reed in a grassy terrace on the right-hand side of Lenin's tomb as you look toward the Kremlin wall. A modest headstone marks the grave with Reed's name engraved upon it in Russian.

I was not, however, able to track down the sources of the rumor, which has appeared in print during the last year in newspapers outside the Soviet Union. My own belief is that this malicious story about Reed's grave was started by anti-Soviet persons who were trying to show that the Soviet government had betrayed its early ideals and its early supporters such as John Reed.

New York City. CORLISS LAMONT.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Chamberlain, Adamic, and Hicks

IN *My America* Louis Adamic describes a contrast that affected him deeply. When he was in Yugoslavia in 1932-33 he was invited to call on one of the cabinet ministers. The yard outside was crowded with peasants, some of whom had been waiting for days in the bitter cold; the anteroom inside was even more crowded. But Adamic was ushered in immediately by an obsequious secretary and regaled with chit-chat for two hours by the great man himself. Repeatedly Adamic got up to go, conscious of all the people waiting outside, but when he spoke of them, the minister laughed and said, "What am I minister for? Let them wait, they have plenty of time."

And then in 1935 he was leaving a hotel with La Follette, the governor of Wisconsin. As they went out the door a bellhop in his teens looked up casually and said, "Hello, Phil." La Follette returned the greeting with a "Hello, Fred," and they got in a car. This, Adamic told himself, is Americanism; this is democracy; this is a completely different order of things that does not exist anywhere else in the whole world. He held a little debate with himself. The American in him and the "student-sociologist" made some qualifications and demurrers, but when his debate was over he still could tell himself that despite the "Europeanist" intellectuals in New York, America, where a bellhop could say "Phil" to a governor, was basically and essentially unlike Europe. What might seem like evelopment toward fascism would not be, because America is not Europe. Marxism may throw light on American events but it cannot explain them because there are things in America completely outside the cognizance of Marx and his present-day followers. The differences between Americans and Europeans are not merely social, not merely psychological, but "downright *physiological.*"

Naturally this sort of thing is very pleasing to John Chamberlain, and he makes it the occasion, in the book section of July *Scribner's,* for an attack on Granville Hicks which supplements the malicious picture ("justly hard" Chamberlain says) of Hicks already drawn by Adamic in *My America.* Chamberlain does not review the two books; he reviews the personalities of the two men in an open letter addressed to both of them. This is a clumsy form, for it is really aimed at Hicks in an attempt to make him mend his ideas, and it praises Adamic in the play-acting manner of a mother who lavishly commends a younger brother or a neighbor's boy in the presence of her naughty son in order to heap coals of fire on the wrongdoer's head. "Some little boys would be glad to get those bread crusts. See Louis eat his cereal, and he's two years younger than you!" How dramatic the lesson becomes and how much more shocking the misbehavior when we realize that the exemplary child grew up in a benighted Balkan despotism, whereas Hicks's ancestors have been enjoying the benefits of America ever since Gosnold discovered Cape Cod.

This is perhaps less of a paradox than it seems. No one above the level of the Civic Federation judges a man's ideas by where his grandparents' bones are buried. Let us imagine, however, that fresh from revolutionary intrigues in Eastern Europe, Hicks had rushed down the gangplank, an immigrant who couldn't speak English, like a figure in a Hearst cartoon, with the scars of the knout on his back, a copy of Marx in one pocket, a hammer-and-sickle flag stuck in his Soviet military cap, and had demanded the immediate acceptance by Americans of a revolutionary plan for the solution of their social problems. The plan still might be a perfectly sound one, but we could understand if a critic who did not like it said, "You don't know us, you don't know our national temperament, our traditions, our way of meeting problems. Stick around and work with us for a while before you begin to prescribe your panaceas."

This in effect is what Chamberlain says to Hicks. Now Hicks has never been in Europe. He has spent toward forty years in the United States, and his ancestors before him for centuries. He likes America, he says so in his book. He also says what he doesn't like, and how much needless suffering and inequality there is here despite our democratic tradition and great national wealth. With what Hicks says in *I Like America* Chamberlain seems substantially in agreement. What he does not like is Hicks' party membership, and that he makes the central fact in his homily. How can it be that a native American accepts such "foreign" theories and guidance, while an immigrant from Carniola, appreciating America's uniqueness, understands their complete inapplicability here? It is, Chamberlain suggests with the anti-intellectualism of a professional book reviewer, because Hicks gets his knowledge from books, whereas Adamic travels around determining the psychological "feel" of the country and "poking behind statistical aggregates for the real flavor of the United States."

Aaron Sopher

A minimum of living must be assumed for everyone, even in asylums and monasteries, and Hicks has spent his years in neither. He worked his way through college in stores, in a factory, on a farm. Like everyone else he presumably has taken risks, made sacrifices, made mistakes. He has had a diversity of jobs in his own two professions. He has been fired and investigated and in and out of the newspapers. He has lectured widely. He has been active politically in an important industrial city. He and his family have been accepted sharers in the communal life of a small village. How much life do you need to have before you can begin to draw conclusions, before you compose a pattern from what you have been through and what you have read in the newspapers and in books? The average American is brought up as an isolationist and taught to distrust foreign ideas and motives. In the last twenty-five years there has been an increasing cultural nationalism. America is constantly being rediscovered, its myth reinterpreted, its heroes exalted, Mark Twain and Whitman, Jefferson and Lincoln. Is it not possible, then, that if an American intellectual who has lived all his life in America and has worked always with American literature and American history becomes a Marxist, it is simply because Marxian theory seems to him the best explanation of what is happening in his own country, and because he has come to understand the relationship and basic correspondence of European and American events? What other reason would there be? Some of this understanding may come from reading books, but most of us are

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not yet ready to dispense with books as a means of acquiring information. On the other hand, is it not likely that a man of two countries, like Adamic, deeply alienated by the brutalities and despotism he has seen in Yugoslavia and excited by the scope and success of his own career in the United States, should, if he is more a journalist than an analyst or theoretician, find his greatest success in devoting himself to contrasts, in exploiting his discovery of America, a not unpopular theme, as something about as different from Yugoslavia as it possibly could be? That he is not altogether happy in this is suggested by the intense bitterness of his attacks upon Americans whose thoughts are not built chiefly around the uniqueness of their country.

Chamberlain has a different explanation of the difference between the two men. It is more esoteric, and developed through a series of contradictions. "I don't like," he says to Hicks, "your way of shuffling people into black-and-white categories." But he is forced here to do it himself. Hicks, he declares, is a second-class American, a zealot, a partisan, like William Lloyd Garrison and John Brown. Adamic is a first-class American like Abraham Lincoln. "But you, Louis, belong to another and, to my mind, greater American tradition: the tradition whose greatest exemplar is Abraham Lincoln, the intuitive man of sorrows. Now, Louis, don't blush; I'm not rating you with Lincoln in that tradition. All I'm trying to say is that you are a fine analyst of men—as witness your chapters on Sinclair Lewis and Phil La Follette and Benjamin Stolberg and Edward Adams Cantrell—and a warm reporter of events."

This is a remarkable statement. What he is trying to say, Chamberlain says, is that Adamic is a fine analyst of men and a warm reporter of events. These are admirable qualities and a great many men have possessed them, but what is their relation to America and Marxism and above all to Abraham Lincoln who, if he were to be remembered only or chiefly for those faculties, would probably not be remembered at all? Abraham Lincoln was President during the successful prosecution of a war against the slave-holding, states-rights-claiming, agrarian South. Because he took military action with accompanying suppression of freedom of speech and movement, even in the North and even against men like Franklin Pierce, he was caricatured as a backwoods barbarian, as a ruthless dictator. Whatever his private hesitations and personal sensitiveness, his response to a crisis was not the "tolerant, experimental way of doing things" which is defended as peculiarly American by Adamic and Chamberlain.

The key to the comparison between Lincoln and Adamic, then, must lie in the word "intuitive." In Chamberlain's mind an intuitive man, although not Abraham Lincoln, will understand that Americans cannot be coerced or organized, that their problems cannot be solved by a united movement working according to accepted principles. Since Hicks, like William Lloyd Garrison and John Brown and Abraham Lincoln, is a man of strong convictions who knows that things don't happen by themselves, that concerted efforts are necessary to accomplish anything, and that the forces of darkness will organize even when men of good will hand back, why then Hicks must lack intuition and therefore cannot be a good American. And since he joins willingly in the work of an organization which seems to him the one moving most effectively to secure the ends that he as an American most desires, Chamberlain says that he must be a bootlicker, like all Communist intellectuals. "Now, like yourself, I am definitely *for* material security; I haven't Miss Dorothy Thompson's letch for freedom even at the price of starvation. But I don't want to lick any man's boots to get it." The distinction is not clear.

Mischa Richter

"Senator, meet Mr. Smythe, the man who wrote your autobiography."

The reason why Hicks supported his own impressions with facts and figures in *I Like America* was because the book was intended to answer the intuitive, if that is what you call them, the people who are not interested in theories and statistical aggregates and general conditions, who depend on their psychological "feel" for guidance. One has heard them on the subject of unemployment, illustrating their point with homely incident, telling about the WPA worker found to have $2,000 in the bank, the relief family that called for flour in an automobile, the farmer unable to get any workers to harvest his crop. In replying to these parlor anti-New Dealers, Hicks thought he was talking about America as it exists today. But the way to understand America, Chamberlain says, is not to read books about it or participate actively in American affairs, but to analyze an American. "I wish you'd be more analytical of what constitutes a good American before you try to make all of us over to fit your pattern. If you will read Louis's story of his friend Cantrell, you'll see what I mean" Cantrell—or John Reed?

Cantrell was active years ago in the Socialist movement, but shocked by discovering connections between some men in the movement and the labor dynamiters on the West Coast, he withdrew from labor activity and spent his time lecturing as an individual. He had come to the conclusion that radical ideas were good, but radical movements were bad. This is also Adamic's conclusion, one that he repeats several times. It is a conclusion that Chamberlain has come to because he knows—and he says this after attacking Hicks for indulging in cliches—that "human cussedness" makes any collective planning impossible. And he has the impertinence to say that Hicks would come to the same conclusion if he had the courage to read Adamic's book. "I wish Granville would read your book and take it to his heart. He will, if he isn't too proud to retreat from a position that is untenable in America."

It makes one angry to have this sort of thing done with America. There has been the American myth, the recreation of America, the wish phantasies of the imaginative writers, men like Van Wyck Brooks, Waldo Frank, Ludwig Lewisohn, Lewis Mumford, and many others, who have taken incidents and types of men peculiar to America and made them the symbols of an American oversoul. Sometimes this vision has expressed the democratic aspirations of the American people and has been good; sometimes it has been false and made the dream deny the reality; but always one could judge it for what it was, an imaginative evocation whose laws were not the laws of economics or sociology. And there is the Communist slogan—Chamberlain says it is a "phony, manufactured slogan"—"Communism is Twentieth-Century Americanism." This implies two things, that the Communist program best serves the interests of the majority of the American people, and that it is a natural development of the equalitarian tradition in America. One may agree or disagree, but it is something capable of reasonable examination, which can be argued in terms of present and past, of theory and fact.

But Chamberlain does something quite else with America. In a sense he takes it away from us, although we have lived here all our lives. He says we are not old enough for it, that we cannot understand it. Scratch an American and he bleeds, let American workers strike and an American Citizens' Committee gets out its bombs and blackjacks. But we lack intuition, we are not analysts of men. The essential America does not reveal itself to the theorists, the statisticians, the readers of books, the leaders in social struggles. It cannot be comprehended by the mind, but only, like racial doctrine, by the heart or in the blood. You see it or you don't. You are a good American and agree with me, or you lack intuition. This makes a very uncomfortable kind of argument.

There is one tangibility however to which Chamberlain and Adamic frequently refer, and that is the career of Phil La Follette. If Hicks talked about Browder as Adamic talks about La Follette it would be bootlick-

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ing. If Browder had suddenly produced a full-blown political party, complete with near-swastika emblem, from his pocket, it would have been, as it was not for La Follette, a fatuitous Moscow-inspired attempt to impose an unpragmatic plan on the plan-resistant American people. John Strachey and, much more recently, Max Lerner, interviewing La Follette, have expressed some distrust because of his admiration for fascist and Nazi personalities and methods. What is the answer to this? The answer is easy. Fascism is a European development, and this is America. More strictly, it is John Chamberlain's and Louis Adamic's America. There are no peasants in Wisconsin and they call La Follette "Phil."

OBED BROOKS.

Dramatic Realism

THE WAY THINGS ARE, *by Albert Maltz. International Publishers. $1.50.*

ALBERT MALTZ'S "Man on a Road" appeared in NEW MASSES at the beginning of 1935. Like Richard Wright's "Bright and Morning Star," the story was a kind of literary landmark for this magazine. Fielding Burke summed up the enthusiastic response of our readers in a brief letter: "At last! 'Man on a Road.' Art that breathes propaganda. Let no one say the union cannot be perfect. We point to proof." It is easy to believe the claim of International Publishers that this story has been reprinted in more trade-union and labor papers in the United States, Canada, and England than any other American story. It was reprinted in O'Brien's annual collection, in *Proletarian Literature in the United States,* and in the French and German editions of *International Literature.* In addition, as Michael Gold points out in his warm introduction to the present volume, "Man on a Road" played a part in the silicosis investigation by Congress.

I think it is worth recalling the fate of the story because it suggests an interesting characteristic of Maltz's work. No proletarian writer has been more uncompromising in his revolutionary vision; yet few have been so successful in receiving the recognition of a wide and non-political audience. Of the stories in this collection, one appeared in *Story* (reprinted recently in *The Flying Yorkshireman* as "Season of Celebration," and dramatized by Philip Stevenson under the title of "Transit"), one in *Scribner's,* one in the *New Yorker,* two in NEW MASSES. A new story by Maltz appeared in the June issue of *Harpers.* In this case, the mountain has had to come, perhaps reluctantly, to Mahomet. Like Marc Blitzstein, Albert Maltz has fought for his audience by fighting for his idea. In the growing effectiveness of both artists there is a lesson which every man may read for himself. Their experience is proving the truth, about which one used to *theorize,* that the working-class theme and the Marxian perspective in art, intelligently and beautifully conceived, can be persuasive for an ever-expanding audience.

When you try to think of a term to describe the underlying thematic and formal unity of these eight stories you inevitably hit upon an expression like "dramatic realism." This is so partly because you are aware that Maltz is the author of *Peace on Earth, Black Pit,* and *Private Hicks,* but more fundamentally because you have to distinguish these stories from the literal realism of Farrell, for instance, and the dramatic abstraction of Faulkner. The writer who is baffled by society, who has no intimate comprehension of the conflicts which develop within society and transform it, will frequently fall back on either of two alternatives. He may resort to a flat-surface mirror technique which records his unassimilated impressions, or he may project dramatic situations which distort the real conflicts in the world of actual men. We have had more than our share of undramatic literalism; nor do we pine for dramatizations of the fabulous. The imagination of a writer like Maltz, on the other hand, is colored by the consciousness of *dramatic struggle in the objective world.* His scheme of values emerges from the perception of opposing forces of a class, moral, and natural character.

He is a realist because he sees life dramatically; he is a dramatist because he sees life realistically. There are few characters in his stories, sometimes only two. The situations are extremely condensed to a point which might even be considered "slight." Yet the tension is always high and the implications ramified, because the specific conflict in each story is felt as part of a universal pattern of social conflict. In this sense, Maltz is a dramatic realist, the equivalent on the level of art, it is perhaps proper to say, of the dialectical materialist on the level of social or scientific analysis. His esthetic awareness is heightened by his political awareness, just as our social understanding is heightened by participation in his art.

The point may be illustrated in a variety of ways. In the treatment of violence, for example, Maltz offers an interesting contrast to Faulkner, in whose stories lust and murder develop into a corresponding sensationalism and morbidity. In Maltz's stories, as in Wright's lynching studies, violence always has a specific background of social reference, so that it loses the aspect of violence-for-the-sake-of-violence and turns into its opposite: violence as the specification of social conflict. It is not the two halves of Bakovchen's sliced body that you dwell on in "Good-by," but the accumulated symbols of the steel mill as it continues to affect the living: Charlie's deafness at twenty-three and Olga's bitter and confused exasperation with her environment, her family, and herself. When George Becher, the young Negro sharecropper of "The Way Things Are," hurls himself from the speeding auto of his white captors, you do not have a mangled corpse burned in your memory, but

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the proud defiance of a youth who tragically expressed the aspiration of his people toward freedom from a brutalizing humiliation.

Life goes on, and with newer and more complicated problems imposed by the fact of death. In consistently suggesting this simple idea, Maltz again avoids the prevailing tendency to make of a story a structure fenced-in from the rest of the world. In "Man on the Road" you are concerned not merely with the miner whose insides are being eaten up by silicosis, but with the troubled suggestion that there are hundreds of other men who have the tunnel sickness, that the wife and the young one must carry on in the old environment ("Doan let him work there," the miner writes to his wife). When O'Shaughnessy dies of ptomaine in a Bowery flophouse, when Lester Cooley and his fellow unionists are beaten up by hooded men, you become conscious of these events as focal points in a world freighted with similar possibilities. These culminations are at the same time beginnings.

Men are on the move in these stories, and they have nowhere to go. The man on the road is hitchhiking toward a job, but where will he find it? Leeman Hayes, the drop-forge man, left the farm to come to Detroit, but the steam hammer's pressure knots his stomach, and he is forced to live in a small apartment with Bob and Ella, who celebrate their connubial joys before his eyes with naked indifference. Where will the train take Olga? Luke Hall came all the way from Arkansas to land on the Bowery. Most of these people are very young, but friendship is already turning into hate for Lee and Bob, for Charlie and Olga, just as goodness is turning into "wickedness" for the father teaching his boy to steal milk bottles in "The Game." Yet the total effect is not of despair. Always there emerges a sense of man's dignity, even when men are most embittered by unemployment, discrimination, disease. The desires of these people are so simple—to live, to be happy, to make others happy—that we recognize in their frustration not only the individual tragedy but the universal tragedy of the underprivileged in capitalist society.

Maltz does not underline the moral with a set political phrase. His concern is with the human beings who alone give life to our generalizations. It is this profound humanity, this seriousness and warmth, which I most admire in Maltz. Whether in West Virginia with the miner, in Detroit with the drop-forge man, in Louisiana with the Negro share-cropper, with the farmers or the steelworkers, with the working stiffs out on their uppers in New York's Bowery, Maltz responds with a passionate sense of man's worth. For the most part, his stories depend on understatement, and their restraint is a measure of the writer's sincerity. It is a severe discipline, when one is bursting with indignation and pained with pity, to impose such form on one's emotions. It is, for the artist, a necessary discipline. And I think it possible in our time only for the writer who knows in his bones that this or that specific enactment of human destiny is only a part of a larger sphere of struggle, and that he cannot allow himself to go under with every victim. This sublimation is not an escape, but a necessary component of the artistic endeavor of our day. This passion, curbed by this comprehension, is the essence of Maltz's memorable stories.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

Negro Participation In the Civil War

SOUTHERN NEGROES: 1861-1865, *by Bell Irvin Wiley. Yale University Press. $3.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that Professor Wiley directs his readers to the work of the late Uriah B. Phillips for a "proper" understanding of American Negro slavery, the void in historiography which he attempts to fill owes its existence to the Phillipsian fiction of a happy social system, admirably contrived for the efficient subordination of an "inferior" people. Having built such a paradise, it was sacrilegious even to seek for evidences of unrest or dissatisfaction within the "mudsill," and if particularly striking episodes, like the Turner or Vesey uprisings, could not be overlooked, they were simply to be dismissed by blaming them upon outside agitators, insanity, or intoxication. The attitude, then, of the slaves during the American Civil War was predetermined. With little examination, most historians, North and South, pictured them as docile, unthinking, content.

The fact is that the American Negro slave waged his own war for liberation for two hundred years and was eager and quick to grasp the opportunity offered by this Civil War to accentuate his struggle.

Some material on this latter fight is in the first half of this book. Professor Wiley offers data on the stringent measures of slave control adopted by the Confederacy, on the fleeing of scores of thousands of slaves, on the sabotage and strike tactics of those who could not get away, on the scouting activities of other thousands, and on conspiracies and revolts.

The last half of the volume deals with a more widely known story, the efforts of the Negro under federal direction. Two hundred thousand Negroes fought in Lincoln's army, and 200,000 more worked for that same army, with other thousands working for themselves or wages within reconquered territory.

Unfortunately, the story is neither well nor completely told. The choice of words is often inept. Slaves, struggling against their bonds, are repeatedly referred to as disloyal, unfaithful, insolent, and the Negro is persistently called "darky," "mammy," "buck." Striking episodes deserving mention are missing; for example, the incendiary attempt by Jefferson Davis' own slaves upon his home in Richmond in January 1864, or the exploit of the Charleston Negro, Robert Smalls, a pilot, who, with eight Negroes, took a Confederate gunboat, in May 1862, past the city's batteries, and delivered it to the Union fleet. No mention

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will be found of the armed Negroes in runaway camps who carried on a guerrilla warfare, as in Louisiana and South Carolina in 1861 and in Virginia in 1862. And nothing concerning the aid given by slaves to hundreds of escaped federal soldiers is mentioned, though Hesseltine's fine paper on the subject appeared eight years ago.

Professor Wiley notes but nine plots and uprisings (three of which involved whites with slaves) occurring during the four years, but there were many more—at least fifteen other distinct attempts. Censorship was very strong and how many uprisings and plots were totally unreported can never be known, but this passage in a letter of May 30, 1861 from a resident of Confederate New Orleans to the London *Daily News* is pertinent: ". . . on more than one plantation, the assistance of the authorities has been called in to overcome the open resistance of the slaves."

Issue may also be taken with some of Professor Wiley's statements. He does not prove his oft-asserted idea that there was less insubordination among the slaves in the interior of the Confederacy. He emphasizes the feeling in the South that secession would strengthen the institution of slavery, but makes no mention of the opposite idea that secession meant slavery's death. Which sentiment was more widespread is questionable. Perhaps the increasing unrest among the slaves and poor whites just before secession is of importance in explaining the willingness of the slavocrats to adopt the desperate expedient of civil war.

The author cannot decide whether the Negro Union soldier fought well or not. This indecision is understandable when he seems to accept the statement of a Confederate newspaper and a "confidential private source" that intoxication explained two notable instances of his bravery. Shannon, a recent and critical student of the question, summed it up decisively, "There can be no question as to the value of the Negro soldiers in the war."

Concerning the labor of the freed Negro under federal direction, Wiley declares that "despite the attraction of wages . . . (it) was most unsatisfactory." But he himself showed that, as a rule, the wages were practically nominal, and even then rarely paid, and that where they were fairly high and regularly paid the production was one-third higher than elsewhere, though, peculiarly, this last significant fact is relegated to a footnote.

Professor Wiley declares it is difficult to say just how well the freed Negro progressed during the war in the educational activities conducted under Union auspices. This, he says, is due to the fact that resident whites had an anti-Negro prejudice while the Northern school teachers had a pro-Negro bias. He then gives several quotations denying that the Negro made any progress, none on the contrary side, and ends by seeing a "poor showing made by the darkies in their studies"—a very questionable historical procedure.

The book, then, has serious failings. It may, nevertheless, be said that with its publication no one may again with impunity say with Rhodes that during the Civil War the slaves were "patiently submissive and faithful to their owners." Bosh and nonsense! The American Negro earned his freedom by fighting for it.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

Scientific Determinist

CLAUDE BERNARD—PHYSIOLOGIST, *by J. M. D. Olmstead. Harper and Bros. $4.00.*

THE author of this book, himself a professor of physiology, approaches his study of the great nineteenth century French physiologist with a warm admiration tempered by real understanding. He writes with a literary expertness uncommon to the publications of scientists. The result of his effort is thus a highly readable biography and an analysis of physiological research in the making that is critically illuminating.

Claude Bernard was born in 1813 of obscure French peasant stock. He was an indifferent student, hardly better as a pharmacist's apprentice, and although he loved the theater, was dissuaded from undertaking a career as a dramatist. Reluctantly he entered medical school, where he seems to have impressed his teachers most with his laziness and inattentiveness at lectures. Yet despite these apathetic beginnings, and a life thereafter harrowed by much illness and hounded by a miserably unhappy marriage, he developed into an inspiring teacher and a richly productive investigator; he established physiology, at least in France, as a field of study separate from anatomy and medicine, and by carrying his physiological methods back into medicine founded the science of experimental medicine. His achievements brought him public and scientific honors awarded only to the greatest. In discussing the researches of Bernard, the author speaks as the physiological expert, and while the lay reader will find these parts of the book difficult, the biologist will learn much from them as to the way in which physiological investigations originate and develop in the work of a scientific genius.

Toward the end of his career Bernard engaged more and more in speculations regarding the general significance of his work. From this period stems his profound generalization concerning the constancy of the internal environment, the full import of which is only today being comprehended. Of broader interest, however, are his philosophic views propounded mainly in his *Introduction to the Study of Experimental Medicine,* published in 1865. In this volume Bernard struck out against the strong tradition of vitalism still entrenched in the French academic world and staunchly declared his championship of scientific determinism. While this work has its own place in French literature, it is also significant as having directed Zola in the creation of his concept of the experimental novel. It should be of interest to literary criti-

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cism, however, to note that Professor Olmstead considers Zola's attempt to apply Bernard's views fallacious, and his essay "The Experimental Novel" a "fantastic caricature of the brilliant lucidity" of the physiologist's "Introduction."

Although a determinist, Bernard restricted his determinism to the laboratory, and believed that the "excesses" of the materialists of his day led to "the negation of human liberty." This, of course, is the old dilemma of mechanical materialism—a difficulty resolved only by dialectical materialism. Bernard was a contemporary of Marx and Engels, but we can hardly derogate him for being unaware of their philosophy, for it had barely begun to influence bourgeois academic thought. Indeed his "shamefaced materialism," to use Lenin's phrase, was definitely progressive for his *milieu*. What must be criticized, however, is Professor Olmstead's failure, today, when Marxism is a world force, to use the dialectical method and elucidate his subject's philosophic confusion. And particularly is this criticism appropriate here since a living compatriot of the great physiologist, Professor Prenant, has shown, in his *Biology and Marxism* (reviewed in NEW MASSES of June 14), how dialectical materialism dissolves perplexities such as those that affected Bernard. Readers of Professor Olmstead's book, and the author himself, will profit much by studying Prenant's able Marxian synthesis of determinism and freedom, a synthesis which Bernard thought impossible.

ROY POWELL.

Falling Star

JULIE, *by Francis Stuart. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50*

ON THE front of the handsome jacket of this book is a picture which illustrates nothing whatever in the story. On the flap of the jacket is a summary which describes Julie as "of Irish parentage," which she was not. Obviously, neither artist nor blurb writer was very much interested by Francis Stuart's latest novel; nor is the reading public likely to be. There is in it, however, one curious, unexpected point of interest for readers whose economic views are critical of capitalism.

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handed and master it. He sets up as an insurance adjuster but finds it tough going; there is many a lunchless day, there are nights spent on park benches. So Goldberg takes the easiest way; becomes what American slang calls a "firebug," though the British term seems to be "fire-raiser." (In passing let us note that the author tends rather to refute than support the notion that arson is peculiarly a Jewish foible; Goldberg's partners in crime are impeccably British, excepting one Italian.) The technique of this profession is sufficiently detailed in these pages to give any ambitious youth quite a grounding in the business. But what will interest students of the economic-social scene is Goldberg's philosophy.

"In the big town game, Julie," he says, "there's not room enough for half the people who want to play it, and all the time there are hundreds dropping out. Hard work won't keep you from having to drop out . . . you've got to do something more than work hard if you start from nothing like me. You've got to take risks and you've got to have luck and you've got not to worry much about the law." Words that might have been spoken in a moment of candor by the president of a billion-dollar bank as aptly as by a furtive little "fire-raiser." But Goldberg's philosophy goes beyond such narrow personal considerations. His fires are set only in warehouses, endanger no lives; and he explains to Julie: "At least in my game we don't sweat the life out of people, see? We pay the men we need a decent wage. . . . I'm a benefactor of society compared to most factory owners, big store owners. I don't defraud the poor and squeeze the last ounce out of them. I go for the rich, Julie; for the insurance companies and the banks." A similar view is expressed by a London Irish journalist when Goldberg is caught and put on trial. "He's the sort they'll make an example of because they daren't touch the real criminals—the fellows who don't burn a lot of cheap junk in warehouses, but wheat in Canada to keep up the price of bread for rickety, starving children. . . . He's just a sort of freebooter in a gang of organized robbers."

These few passages of anarchy-plus-Robin Hood philosophy give evidence, doubtless, of the stirring of social awareness on the part of Francis Stuart. But the references are incidental; the theme is not developed. The main business of the book is to tell the story of Julie's fascination with the "toughness," the hard human realism of Goldberg; a fascination that grows to love, a love that survives disgrace, the barrier of the prison gates, even a betrothal to an Irish poet. Both Julie and Goldberg are well realized, made very real and human. Yet the book as a whole is third-rate. Somehow it misses fire. It bears many marks of haste, the result of which is mere superficial narrative where there might have been profound probing. The style is amazingly mediocre to have come from the pen of one hailed less than a decade ago as a new bright star in the galaxy of Irish writers.

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The Third Reich

AFTER MIDNIGHT, *by Irmgard Keun. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.*

THE MORTAL STORM, *by Phyllis Bottome. Little, Brown, & Co. $2.50.*

WITH her first book, *Gilgi—One of Us,* which appeared in Germany in 1931, Irmgard Keun, then barely of age, scored an immediate success and established herself as a literary craftsman of the very first order. *The Artificial Silk Girl* followed, and a few years later, *The Girl With Whom the Children Mustn't Mix*—clever titles designed to hide her inherent sensitiveness under a mask of naiveté. *After midnight,* Mrs. Keun's first novel to be published in America, is written in the same crisp, breezy style that characterized her earlier works, but instead of exposing a bourgeois mentality or a cruel educational system, she here makes a scathing attack on the Nazis—an attack the more insidious for its apparent innocence. For Irmgard Keun, under the guise of her brusque, simple-minded "Aryan" heroine, in reality speaks plain words of warning to a world all too insensitive to the menace of fascism. Hers is the oblique attack; she pierces her opponents through ridicule, deadliest of weapons. Her storm troopers and Hitler youth, her renegades and spies, her worshippers of the Nazi Gods—types frequently met with in Germany today—are mercilessly shown up by their own actions and their own words.

The story concerns itself with a young girl, Susanna (Sanna) Moder, who is staying in Frankfort with her step-brother Algin, a writer, and his wife Liska. Sanna's friend Gerti is in love with young Dieter Aaron, which is unfortunate, for Dieter is Jewish and Gerti isn't, and the Nazis do not exactly encourage that sort of thing. It's an exceedingly dangerous situation and Sanna has all she can do to cover up her friends who flagrantly disregard the Nuremberg laws. Sanna herself is in love with her cousin Franz, a quiet soul thus far completely dominated by his mother, a National Socialist. There are other people moving in and out of the narrative—Betty Raff, the crafty gossip, Heini, the honest and embittered journalist, who in the end turns to suicide as the only way out, and many others, Jews and Gentiles, Communists, and simple rebels, chafing under the thumb of oppression. In the end, Franz kills the Nazi who has betrayed his Communist friend Paul, and escapes abroad with his Sanna.

A bare outline cannot begin to do justice to this work by a self-imposed German exile, presented in an intelligible translation. Although *After Midnight* has failed to charm the critics on this side of the Atlantic, Irmgard Keun, now in this country, should be hailed as the most gifted of the women writing in German today.

The Mortal Storm, on the other hand, is a best seller. Although stylistically not impeccable, this novel presents as honest a picture as any outsider looking into the Third Reich may produce. Phyllis Bottome bends over backward—perhaps too far at times—trying to be "fair." Her Nazi characters are sincere in their convictions—even if their heroes are not. This story of a Jewish Nobel Prize winner, and how he met death at the hands (or boots) of his Nazi captors, is an eloquent plea for political sanity. The book is written almost entirely from the viewpoint of Freya, his daughter, whose Communist lover and father of her unborn child is killed by her brothers. That's the fate of mankind under fascism.

BARTHOLD FLES.

★

BRIEF REVIEWS

THE CAISSONS ROLL, *by Hanson W. Baldwin. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.*

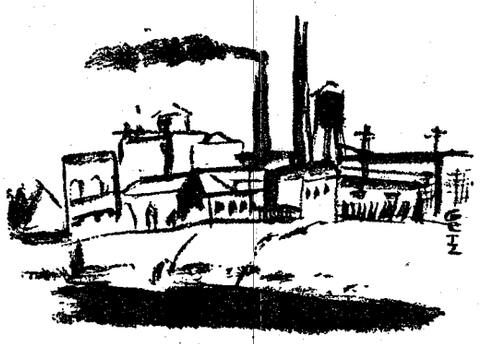
The military and naval correspondent of the New York *Times* accomplished what he set out to do—a military survey of Europe—but there is some doubt whether it should have been done at all. Unlike his opposite number in England, Liddell Hart, Mr. Baldwin is interested in figures rather than ideas. He is thoroughly at home only when he is citing numbers of tanks, warships, men in arms, planes, weapons. He has no very definite military philosophy, certainly nothing to compare with Hart's elaborate theories about mass and motion and surprise. The trouble with figures is that even when they are correct (and a good many in *The Caissons Roll* are admittedly conjectural), time sweeps them into oblivion all too soon. Today's naval race, for example, makes most of Mr. Baldwin's naval figures just so many historical curiosities. Granting the fundamental weakness of a merely quantitative treatment, this book puts in convenient form as much as is known here about the military strength of the chief powers of Europe. Mr. Baldwin concludes that war is inevitable, probably between 1939-1942, that sea power is still decisive, and that there has been no change in the old principle (here Hart enters a violent exception): "to git thar fustest with the mostest men."

DONALD JAMES.

PROPAGANDA FROM CHINA AND JAPAN, *by Bruno Lasker and Agnes Roman. American Council, Institute of Pacific Relations. $1.50.*

This business of "analyzing" propaganda can go too far. Exhibit A: this little book which concludes that because we Americans are naturally sympathetic to the Chinese and suspicious of Japanese militarism-imperialism, we must "today beware more of being 'taken in' by Chinese than by Japanese propaganda." Truth and the justice of the Japanese invasion of China are altogether lost in this "case study in propaganda analysis" which appears to be less than useless. What a pity that the well-meaning authors should have labored to bring forth such a mouse.

HY KRAVIF.



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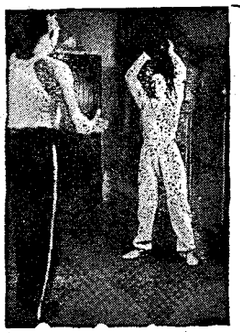

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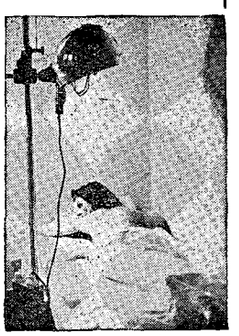

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MOVIES

NEW YORK'S Paramount Theater, shrine of the jitterbug, capitol of the cultural tic of youth, had a nostalgic spell last week with the appearance of Harold Lloyd's first comedy in two years, *Professor, Beware!* Established by the comic's timeless routine, vaudeville turns, the singing of *Pagan Love Song* by the Andrews Sisters, and an organ songologue which ran through the assorted Tin Pan Alley nirvanas, was an atmosphere of recent antiquity. One expected to go back to the hot street and find people wearing *Keep Cool with Coolidge* buttons on their sack suits. Mark Sullivan should have been there, recording the scene for his fond memory albums, *Our Times*.

The picture is straight schmalz—the chase theme, a timid Egyptologist running across country from the cops, a girl, the girl's father; dodging the law and meeting the natural obstacles with miraculous success. Say that and you characterize a whole school of silent film comedy which Harold Lloyd alone has carried through a decade of sound. Wisely Mr. Lloyd spaces his pictures enough apart and provides a gag craftsmanship of the first order. It's essentially dated stuff but *Professor, Beware!* has more laughs per reel than any ten of the current sophisticated whimsies. William Frawley in a screamingly funny drunk sequence and Lionel Stander as the caustic hobo who, when he hears Harold is an explorer of old tombs, grunts, "I've traveled with a lot of stinkers, but I draw the line at ghouls!" contribute to the comic supporting cast with which Harold Lloyd is always generous.

One old farce mannerism is distasteful today. As Harold deliberately insults a great crowd of men to start a melée, he plants a kick on a Negro longshoreman. The Negro does not resent it but takes it as his rightful due. The white men light out after Harold in immediate anger. The Paramount crowd did not give the Negro bit the laugh the scriptmen expected. It is one dirty spot in a very funny picture.

Hollywood looks back and the Soviet Union looks ahead to the war that Hitler threatens tomorrow. *If War Comes Tomorrow* is a documentary, compiled of newsreels taken of the Red Army war games on the Western border last year, of enactments by actors, and of stock shots of aerial bombers furnished by Hitler's planes in Spain. The Red Army and Navy and the Socialist millions from Tadjikistan to Soviet Karelia are shown mobilizing against an enemy directly indicated to be Nazi Germany by the use of German dialogue, a semi-swastika symbol on their equipment, and the comical pomp of the general staff as they exchange *Sieg Heils!*

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If War Comes Tomorrow is no work of film art. It is a direct Bolshevik answer to the war plans of Hitler. The USSR faces its enemies with a detailed plan of war and the millions of men and arms to overwhelm the Nazi madmen.

For those who have missed the revivals of Rudolph Valentino in *The Sheik* and *The Son of the Sheik,* Walter Wanger has a new picture about the French cousin of the sheik. Charles Boyer in *Algiers* is Pepe le Moko, a jewel thief who takes refuge in the Casbah, unsavory native quarter of Algiers. To the rutty, sloping streets of the Cabah comes the beautiful European girl, Hedy Lamarr, just as Valentino's kissfools came to his striped tent. In Pepe's lair hot glances are exchanged and a train of fatal events is started which finally leads him out of the impregnable Casbah into the handcuffs of the gendarmerie.

The screenplay by John Howard Lawson, with some gangster dialogue by James M. Cain, comes from the French film, *Pepe le Moko,* with Jean Gabin in the Boyer role. The original was hailed in Europe as Gabin's best picture, which is saying a good deal for it. The French version will not be seen here because Mr. Wanger bought the exclusive American rights to the story. Without having seen the French *Pepe le Moko,* I can safely venture that Gabin's thief is superior to Boyer's, because of M. Gabin's achievements in *The Lower Depths* and *They Were Five.* There the film was called the most brilliant French picture of 1936.

Hedy Lamarr, who was seen more fully by a favored few in the psychological study of impotence called *Ecstasy,* is a foreign package right up Hollywood's alley. Her sultry presence under a heavy coat of lacquer, favored by James Wong Howe's soft focus, definitely sets her up as a new golden idol for the box office. Sigrid Gurie, as the second woman, further packs the film with sex interest.

Incidentally *Ecstasy,* which is considered too lush for Manhattan consumption because of its O-so-fleeting glimpses of Miss Lamarr in the buff, had a year's run in Boston, the city where *Waiting for Lefty* was banned for "improper language." Culture-loving Bostonians (with the approval of Cardinal O'Connell) greeted the picture with the same enthusiasm they tender to the burleycue art at the Old Howard, justly famous for being the dirtiest show in the country.

Algiers is handsomely produced with fine performances by Joseph Calleia as a native detective who patiently connives Pepe's final undoing; Gene Lockhart as a stool pigeon; Ben Hall as a taciturn pickpocket, hovering on the edge of the circle always dressed in dirty white; and adequate work by its stars.

JAMES DUGAN.

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